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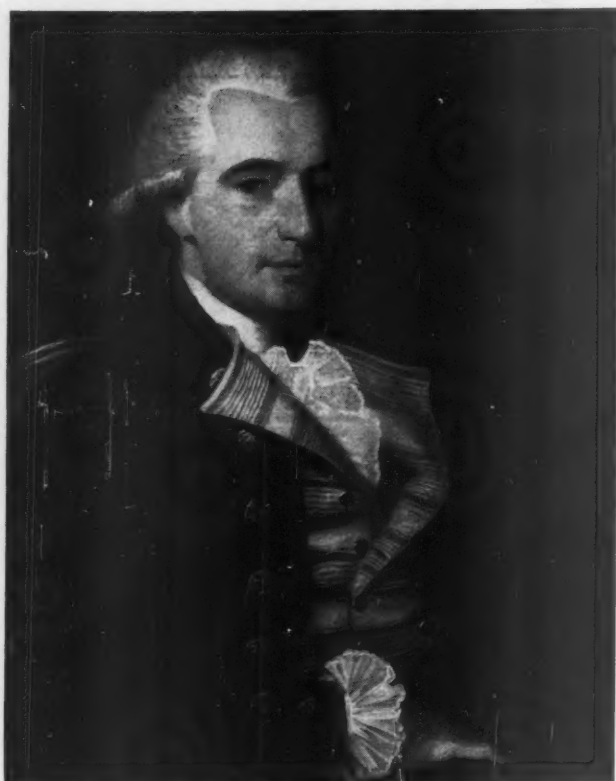
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FALL 1956

## Cover

Nemonya (Walking Rain) by George Catlin, c. 1840. Collection of the American Museum of Natural History, currently on view at Kennedy Galleries, New York City.

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Mrs. Samuel (Lorinda Morris) Hathaway, November, 1788. Attributed to Moulthrop by William Sawitzky. *New Haven Colony Historical Society.*



Mrs. James B. (Mary Kimberly) Reynolds, c. 1789. Attributed to Reuben Moulthrop by Susan Sawitzky. *Mr. and Mrs. B. K. Little, Brookline, Mass.*



James Blakeslee Reynolds, c. 1789. Attributed to Reuben Moulthrop by Susan Sawitzky. *Mr. and Mrs. B. K. Little, Brookline, Mass.*



Mrs. Nicholas (Hannah Austin) Street, 1789. By Reuben Moulthrop: pendant of signed and dated portrait. *Frau Christine Delia Schreiber, Munich.*

## ***New Light on the***

# **Early Work of Reuben Moulthrop**

BY SUSAN SAWITZKY

*Parts of this article are taken from William Sawitzky's manuscript notes on Reuben Moulthrop. The present material will be incorporated in his monograph on this artist as completed by Susan Sawitzky, to be published by the New York Historical Society. An exhibition of the works of Reuben Moulthrop, to be held at the Connecticut Historical Society in New Haven, Nov. 6-Jan. 31, will also further the study of this artist's achievement. — Ed.*

SINCE THE PUBLICATION in the New York Historical Society's *Bulletin* for October, 1955, of William Sawitzky's Check-list of portraits by the East Haven, Connecticut, painter and wax-worker, Reuben Moulthrop (1763-1814), four paintings have come to the attention of Susan Sawitzky, two of which seem to explain, by their very equivocal character, certain puzzling relationships to them in Moulthrop's initial canvases, while the second pair give a more complete conception of the artist's rapidly changing early period, uniting and verifying the attributions made in the above-mentioned Check-list.

Chronologically, the first of these recently examined companion pieces, probably begun before April, 1787, and completed in 1788, represent John Mix of New Haven, and, according to a lost inscription, his third wife, Ruth (Stanley) Mix. Perplexing, because heretofore regarded as the work of a single hand, in spite of the strongly visible contradictions between the heads and bodies of the subjects, these portraits are, in the opinion of the present writer, of two-fold authorship. The well-modelled and sophisticatedly conceived faces and heads, evidently completed by the original artist in the presence of his sitters, as well as the basically sketched in, and, for some reason, left unfinished, contours of figures and costumes (showing a knowledge of composition, beyond the powers of the second painter), are believed by Susan Sawitzky to be the work of Abraham Delanoy (September 7, 1742 - January 23, 1795); the clumsy, and rather primitive retracing of the figures, arms, hands, costumes, and accessories, and the laying of flat color between these outlines, reveal, in her opinion, by means of clearly evident repetitions in his own following portraits, the brush of Reuben Moulthrop.

Photographs of these portraits, taken in 1955, after

relining, cleaning, and filling, but before restoration, are reproduced here in preference to those of the restored canvases, as giving a more perfect conception of the work of both Delanoy and Moulthrop. The writer wishes to thank Nina Fletcher Little, Consultant and Cataloguer of the Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Folk Art Collection, Williamsburg, Virginia, for her courtesy in making these photographs available.

If the heads of the Mixes were painted, as this writer believes, by Abraham Delanoy, who left New Haven for New York in time to be included in the Directory of that city for 1787, the figures, aside from their obvious dissimilarity, could not have been his finished work, for the note-book in John Mix's hand contains, near the end of a page of feigned script, the date "1788." This date, and mysteriously, but no doubt significantly, the letter "D," alone legible in the midst of the scribbled lines, must certainly have been placed there by Moulthrop, the one to show the year of their completion, the other to commemorate, in characteristically cryptic fashion, the original authorship.

One is tempted to surmise, though no documentary proof of such a connection has come to light, that Moulthrop, then twenty-three years old, may have been the "good steady Workman" mentioned in Delanoy's advertisement in the Connecticut Journal of October 4th, 1786, whom he had employed to assist him in the "Painting-Business" for "Out-side or In-side Work." As most of Delanoy's business consisted of carriage, sign, "plain, house and ship Painting," such an assistant would have been needed for this utilitarian work, certainly not in the capacity of "drapery painter" to his employer in his infrequent portrait commissions. This would explain why Moulthrop's portraits, if indeed he were this workman, show comparatively little of Delanoy's influence, aside from the results of his studies and exercises in the Mix portraits. Yet, that he saw and noted some of these paintings, is shown by his use of occasional features to be found within them: — as the form and posture of a hand, the outline of a



curtain — which appear, from time to time, retroactively, in his transitional, and later, portraits.

In spite of the inscription, said to have been found on the back of the original stretcher or canvas (since destroyed) of Mrs. Mix's portrait: "Ruth Stanley married John Mix," it seems equally, if not more, probable that the portraits represent John Mix and Rebecca (Hayes) [Frisbie], whom he married, as his second wife, sometime during the year 1784. This assumption is founded, primarily, on the observation that the heads of the two subjects, as well as elements of the underlying outlines of the figures, come nearer, in treatment and certain mannerisms, to Delanoy's first, much earlier, New York period of the 1760's and '70's, than to his portraits of the Sherman family (1786-1787). Some effort Delanoy doubtless made, on his settlement in a new locality, to recover the simple, clean-cut dignity of his New York work, which, according to William Dunlap, had fallen into abeyance, from the indifference of the public and disheartening poverty. Soon, however, his style deteriorated into a weaker, rather gay and casual manner, almost equally remote, in spirit, from the Mixes, and the portraits of his earlier years, while containing recognizable points of contact with both of these preceding stages.

Should this alternate identification of Mrs. Mix be the correct one, the strange, "Enoch Arden" story of the eight years' absence at sea of her first husband, Captain Abel Frisbie of New Haven, and his return, to find Rebecca the wife of John Mix, and the mother of Mix's one-month-old daughter, might well explain the abrupt termination of Delanoy's painting of the portraits, which, in this case, he must have begun in 1785, shortly after the birth of the child, and just before Frisbie's reappearance. As after a period of great consternation among all concerned, Rebecca chose to return to her first husband, there could be no wonder that the completion of the portraits was, at least, postponed, until time, and a third marriage, had softened Mix's shock and humiliation. But if the portrait of Mrs. Mix should be, after all, the likeness of Ruth (Stanley) Mix, the reason for the interruption of Delanoy's work, may simply have been his sudden departure from New Haven, soon after April 3rd, 1787.

The second pair of paintings with which this article is, primarily, concerned: likenesses of James Blakeslee, and Mary (Kimberly) Reynolds of West Haven, Connecticut, have, until now, appeared confusing as to origin, because Moulthrop introduced,

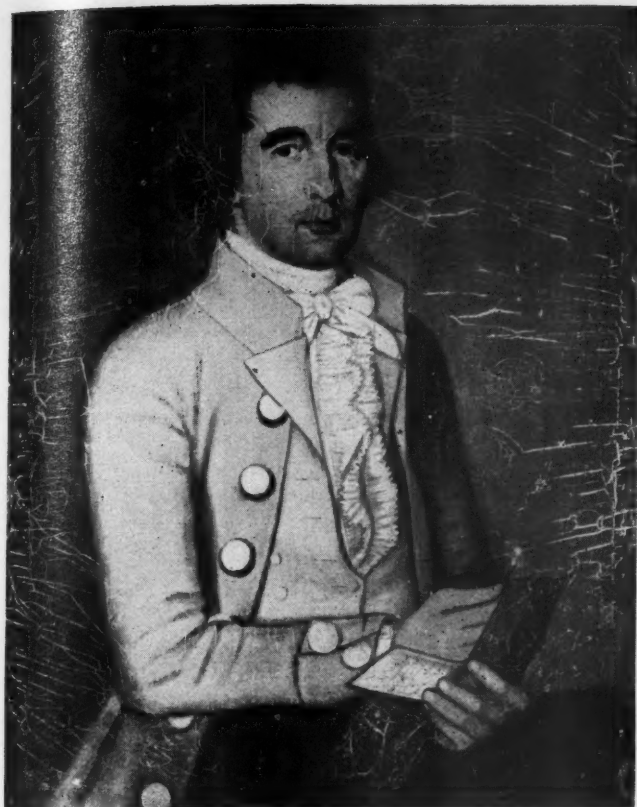
into the portrait of Mrs. Reynolds, arms and hands of the identical character which resulted from his retracing of these members in the Mix portraits: rather heavily outlined, smooth, over-sized, and slightly, though not disagreeably, distorted — (hands quite unlike those of the Hathaways), and, in addition, a profusion of roses, of the same type and treatment as the one pinned to Mrs. Mix's fichu. The same details appear in the immediately following portrait of Mrs. Nicholas Street.

Perhaps because of the dominant and constant influence of Winthrop Chandler (1747-1790) on Moulthrop's early paintings, including those of the Reynolds and Streets, the sudden interpolation of features which he had learned from his completion of the Mixes, seems, at first, unfamiliar and alien in the unfoldment of Moulthrop's work, but when their source is accounted for, it is not difficult for the mind to assimilate them, and, for a short time, they decoratively enrich, rather than interrupt, the artist's orderly progression.

Owing to the perplexity which the Mix portraits have created by their anomalous, half-and-half character, neither they, nor the Reynoldses, have, heretofore, been definitely attributed, though their locality has suggested the possibility of Moulthrop, or of some unknown contemporary of Moulthrop, or the painter of a small group of portraits, best represented by those of the John Sherman family of New Haven: a painter recently identified by this writer as Abraham Delanoy, through the photograph of a signed, original canvas, — the painting having, since, been transferred to a new canvas. To this artist, who came to New Haven from New York in 1784, and left it again for his former place of residence, soon after April 3rd, 1787, the heads and faces of the Mixes seem to belong.

The Reynolds portraits are, in the opinion of the present writer, unmistakably, the work of Reuben Moulthrop. They can be placed, without hesitation, between the emotionally approached Samuel, and Lorinda (Morris) Hathaway (November, 1788), and the far more artistically contained Hannah (Austin) Street (1789), where they admirably fill a gap which has, hitherto, yawned — rather abruptly — in the midst of the artist's experimental beginnings, uniting the somewhat unlike portraits on either side, with subtly graded and related changes, and linked similarities.

Moulthrop, as pointed out in William Sawitzky's Check-list, had obviously come into contact with the



John Mix

Begun 1785? — finished 1788. Heads, faces, and original sketches of figures attributed to Abraham Delanoy by Susan Sawitzky; retracing of figures and costumes attributed by her to Reuben Moulthrop. *Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Folk Art Collection, Williamsburg, Va.*



Mrs. John Mix

Woodstock, Connecticut portraits of Winthrop Chandler, and been deeply moved by them. Under his influence Moulthrop's then molten, creative impulses gushed into the Hathaways, with results which have a bleak magnificence. They must not, however, have satisfied their author, who, subsequently, shows himself determined to discipline his aroused reactions, and to find, through a deeper submission to Chandler's guidance, a calmer and more realistic expression.

The discrepancies which exist between some of Moulthrop's early portraits (such as the heavy shading in the faces of the Hathaways, and the linear treatment of his succeeding subjects), can largely be explained by his imitation of different phases of Chandler's work, rather than as owing to temporary reflections from other painters. Definite portraits by this artist hover above the likenesses of the Hathaways, the Reynoldses, the Streets, the Reverend Timothy Pitkin, Amos Morris, and, in a decreasingly obvious way, beyond these earlier examples, unifying them in inspiration from Chandler, as well as by the homogeneity inherent in Moulthrop's approach.

Mary Reynolds seems as certainly derived from

Chandler's Anna (Paine) Chandler, as Lorinda Hathaway from his Rachel (Abbe) McClellan, and Martha (Lathrop) Devotion. But where Lorinda's face shows the deeply trenched shadows given by Chandler to Mrs. McClellan, the face of Mary Reynolds is treated with delicate and brittle lines, similar to those in the portrait of Anna Chandler, which it also greatly resembles in the placing of the figure, and in the intricately elaborated costume. The head-dress, however, is, in manner of painting, much like the daintily crimped, lace bonnet of Mrs. Mix, which, with the treatment of arms, hands, and roses, dispute, in this picture, the impress of Chandler.

But as interesting as is the continued shedding of Chandler's influence from portrait to portrait, and the repeated intrusting of elements from the Mixes, the likenesses between Moulthrop's paintings derived, essentially, from the individuality of their author, are more profoundly significant, and far outweigh, when analytically examined, the incongruities of his emerging style. For example, a peculiarity of usage which is seen in both Hathaways, and with a nearer approach to naturalness in the paintings immediately following, is the flat, knifelike plane along the nose, on which the light [continued on page 55]





Belshazzar's Feast, oil. Detroit Institute of Arts.

## Washington Allston's Studio

BY THOMAS W. LEAVITT

ON JULY 12, 1843, Richard Henry Dana, accompanied by a small group of friends, entered the studio which Washington Allston had long occupied in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Allston, America's foremost Romantic painter, had died three days before at the age of sixty-three. Although his later years had been clouded by poor health, financial worries, painful introspection, and the desperate desire to finish the gigantic *Belshazzar's Feast* (now at the Detroit Institute of Arts), which was to be his masterpiece, his life had been rich and productive. He had been hailed as a great genius by the art

world of England; he had been the intimate friend of Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, Irving and other literary and artistic leaders of the age; he had returned to America to become a personification of the Romantic spirit, not only in his paintings, but also in his writings and his daily life. The impact of his personality upon the literary Golden Age of New England — the age of Emerson, Longfellow, Dana, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Lowell and Holmes — was profound. For these men he was a key link between the brash young American Republic and the refined cultural traditions of England and Italy

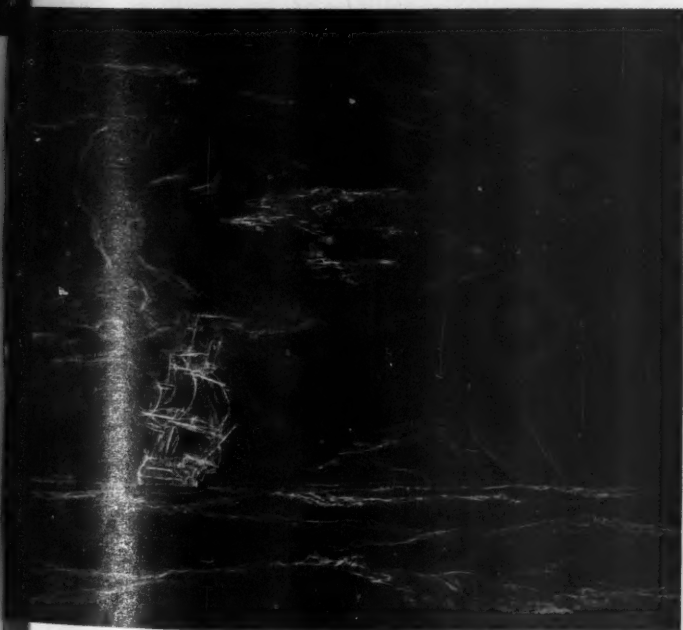


which they so admired. When Allston died, Emerson wrote in a letter to Margaret Fuller, "A little sunshine of his own has this man of beauty made in the American Forest, and who has not heard of his veiled picture, which now alas must be unveiled."

Emerson's misgivings about the unveiling of *Belshazzar's Feast* were shared by the friends who unlocked Allston's studio after his death. In the large painting room with Allston's favorite axioms pinned to its walls they found several boxes of drawings and about thirty unfinished paintings and sketches. There were cartoons from his college days at Harvard, academic figure studies made in England and Rome, mythological and Biblical scenes and landscapes never completed, and bold outlines from his mature years in America. And there was also *Belshazzar's Feast*. When the curtain which had protected the huge picture from all eyes but its creator's was finally removed, the shock and disappointment were overwhelming. The twelve-by-sixteen foot masterpiece which had been almost finished when Allston had returned from England twenty-five years before was now a bewildering wreck. The figure of Belshazzar had been blotted out in preparation for repainting, and confused re-sketching in chalk and oil revealed an agonizing search for perspective and composition. This monstrous ruin, which had sapped Allston's creative energy for many

years, became for the next generation a symbol of the romantic ambitions and ideals which could not bear fruit in the acid soil of American materialism.

It now seems clear, however, that Allston's tragedy was, among other things, the result of too much, rather than too little, encouragement. Two years after Allston arrived in Boston from England, a group of wealthy Bostonians and a gentleman from South Carolina established a trust fund intended to finance the completion of *Belshazzar's Feast*, which Allston had not touched since his return because of financial pressures. This fund, amounting to some \$10,000, was incorporated as the Washington Allston Trust, and Allston was to draw upon it for living expenses while finishing his painting. When he unrolled the canvas and set to work, he began to find fault with the parts he had already finished. Upon the suggestion of Gilbert Stuart, he tried to change the entire perspective of the picture, and as time went on he became more and more discouraged. He had lost the spark of enthusiasm with which he had begun the project, but he stubbornly refused to admit defeat. The obligation to deliver the finished canvas, which he had so willingly under-



Ship in a Squall, chalk sketch on primed canvas. Fogg Museum of Art, Harvard University.



Three Men Talking, drawing. Fogg Museum of Art, Harvard University.



Titania's Court, umber outline on canvas.  
Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, New York.



Uriel in the Sun, oil. Boston University.

taken, became a millstone around his neck. The relatively few paintings which he allowed himself to complete during the years of his struggle with *Belshazzar* show that he now preferred lyrical subjects, suffused with soft light and a feeling of tranquil reverie. The austerity and explicit dramatic force of *Belshazzar* no longer suited his temperament, and each correction became more difficult. He defied his inner despair, however, and, in spite of long delays due to illness and lack of working space,

he fought his last battle with his giant adversary only on the day of his death.

Allston's widow, Martha Dana Allston, put in storage most of her husband's unfinished work, but *Belshazzar's Feast* was placed on public exhibition for a time. The flat brown paint with which Allston had covered *Belshazzar* was removed and the chalk corrections were erased. Enthusiasm for the painting was great, even though it was incomplete. After Mrs. Allston's death, in 1862, the care of *Belshazzar* and the other works was passed on within the Dana family. Richard Henry Dana III purchased, with funds that had accrued from the original Allston Trust, four additional paintings by Allston: *Uriel in the Sun*, *Rebecca at the Well*, and early portraits of Samuel Taylor Coleridge and Allston himself. Eventually all of these paintings became assets of the Washington Allston Trust. Recently it was decided that since the original purpose of the Trust had been to bring an important work by Allston into public view, it would be in keeping with the founding spirit of the Trust to distribute the collection among various museums and universities which could make good use of the material. This distribution has now been completed. The recipients of works from the Collection are: the Fogg Art Museum, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Wadsworth Atheneum, the Detroit Institute of Arts, Boston University, the University of Miami, Vassar College, and Oberlin College.

Allston did not belong to the cult of the fragmentary, and his achievements should be judged principally upon the basis of his finished works. Since only two of the thirty-eight paintings in the Allston Trust Collection were brought to completion, one can hardly use the Collection to formulate an appraisal of Allston's significance. Yet it is true that fragmentary works have certain values that are rarely found in finished products. Underneath the surface of Allston's pictures lies a rich and subtle technique, and with the help of the sketches and partly finished paintings from the Allston Trust we can gain insight into his methods at every stage of his career.

As it has come to us the Allston Trust Collection is not merely a painful reminder of what might have been. It is a most useful tool for the art historian in tracing Allston's technique and development; it widens our understanding of the scope and depth of Romantic painting; and above all it enables us to become intimate with the inspirations of a fertile mind in the act of creation.



## "The American Turner"

# James Hamilton, a Forgotten Painter

BY JOHN GORDON

A BRILLIANT FLASH OF LIGHTNING illuminates the dreadful destruction of the ancient city of Pompeii and brings to light a remarkable painting, *The Last Days of Pompeii* by James Hamilton (1819-1878), one of two pictures recently purchased by the Brooklyn Museum with funds presented in memory of Dick S. Ramsay. Now almost forgotten, James Hamilton was an important marine painter in Philadelphia and was known as "the American Turner." At the age of nineteen he came to this country from Ireland where he was born at Entrien near Belfast in 1819. Two years later, when only twenty-one, he exhibited at the Artists' Fund Society of Philadelphia where he exhibited each year through 1845. His works were shown at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts regularly from 1847 through 1869, except for the year 1852. He died in San Francisco in 1875 at the start of a trip around the world financed by an auction sale of 109 of his paintings held earlier that year.

That he was held in high regard in his day is indicated by the inclusion of two of his marine oil sketches on paper in a fabulous and unique volume of *Sketches by Philadelphia, New York and Boston Artists* presented by the Great Central Fair for the United States Sanitary Commission in 1864 to the famous American actress Miss Charlotte Cushman and now owned by Edward Eberstadt & Sons. (They also have a large oil, "The California Coast.") Hamilton was also famous for his illustrations for the extremely popular *Arctic Explorations* by Elisha Kent Kane, published in 1857. Hamilton worked from original sketches made on the spot by the explorer who made careful color notes as well. (The Kane family in Kane, Pennsylvania, have many of the explorer's sketches and his original sketch book, as well as many water colors and several oils by Hamilton, all of which are connected with the Arctic explorations.) William Elder in speaking of *Arctic Explorations* in his *Biography of Elisha Kent Kane*, published in 1858, says: "Taking one from a hundred criticisms entitled to high respect, that of Blackwood's *Edinburgh Magazine* may stand for the whole of them: 'The engravings of Dr. Kane's book

. . . are eminently happy as the productions of a man who is a real poet in art, Mr. Hamilton, whose good taste scatters beautiful vignettes like gems through the two volumes.'" Tuckerman says, "that he was established as a marine painter. Fond of contrast and effect, he excelled in sea fights." Benjamin recognized him as ". . . our ablest marine painter of this period . . . who was beyond question an artist of genius." He criticised his color as "sometimes harsh and crude" but then goes on to say "he handled pigments with some mastery, and composed with the virile imagination of an improvisatore." It is hard to see why Hamilton should have dropped so completely from sight when he was so well recognized, was the teacher of Edward and Thomas Moran, and painted marine subjects which seem to remain popular regardless of changing tastes. John I. H. Baur was impressed by a Hamilton marine

Foundering, oil, 1863. Brooklyn Museum.







*The Last Days of Pompeii*, oil, 1864. Brooklyn Museum.

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The Last of the Wreck,  
oil, 1863. R. Martin  
Stevenson, Herndon, Va.



which I brought to his attention in 1948 and he included two of his works in the exhibition "The Coast and the Sea" held at the Brooklyn Museum that year. Hamilton was one of the rediscoveries of that show discussed by Mr. Baur in an article, *The U. S. Faces the Sea*, in *Art News*, November 1948, and also in an article in the *Brooklyn Museum Bulletin*, Spring 1951.

Certainly Benjamin's observations can be well applied to *The Last Days of Pompeii* which Hamilton completed in 1864. The effective realization of such a vast scene and the free and daring use of paint are exactly the traits to which Benjamin referred. The brush strokes are sure and bold and the general effect is impressionistic, truly remarkable handling in 1860 America. We know from Hamilton's *On Hampstead Heath*, now in the Metropolitan Museum, that he used this free technique as early as 1856, but here we have one of his more ambitious attempts to describe nature in one of her blackest moods, and to interpret every facet of her personality as accurately as possible. The very nature of the subject called for his freest work resulting in his own version of impressionism at a time when it was just beginning to evolve in France. And yet we should not forget that he was trying to reproduce the scene truthfully adhering to nature as his contemporaries were in their way. Turner died three years before Hamilton's visit to England in 1854 and no doubt he had ample opportunity to see his

work at that time. However, Hamilton's approach to his subject, though romantic, is far more realistic than Turner's. The object itself remained Hamilton's chief interest, while Turner became more and more preoccupied with the air in between him and the subject.

Hamilton signed the reverse of the canvas of *The Last Days of Pompeii: From Bulwers/The Last Days of Pompeii/Jas Hamilton/Philada 1864*. He followed very closely Lord Bulwer-Lytton's description of the destruction of the city in this still-popular novel which was published in 1834. In reading the text, which seems so dated now, the exact moment of the painting can be traced: "... the place became lighted with an intense and lurid glow. Bright and gigantic through the darkness, which closed around it like the walls of hell, the mountain (Vesuvius, which can be seen to the left of the column) shone — a pile of fire! Its summit seemed riven in two. . . . The ground shook . . . with a convulsion that cast all around upon its surface. A simultaneous crash resounded through the city, as toppled down many a roof and pillar! — the lightning, as if caught by the metal, lingered an instant on the Imperial Statue — then shivered bronze and column!" Nor has Hamilton overlooked many other elements of the author's florid description and has included them in his picture: "the shower of ashes mixed with vast fragments of burning stone" and "in proportion as the blackness gathered did [*continued on page 56*]

# The Letters of Phoebe McClure Keep

BY JOHN I. H. BAUR

IN 1846 the handsome Phoebe Elizabeth McClure of Fredonia, New York, daughter of the High Sheriff of Chautauqua County, Major O. McClure, married Mr. Henry Keep of Chicago. They moved at once to a small frontier settlement in Wisconsin from which the young bride wrote these witty, very human and often homesick letters to her parents. Sewn into pale blue covers to look like small books or diaries, they are illustrated by her own drawings — some in black and white, some in color and all of them remarkably expressive. The following selections are printed through the courtesy of their owner, Mrs. Willard W. Cummings of Katonah, New York, a direct descendant.

**LIFE IN FREDONIA** Illustrated with splendid mezzotint engravings

O. McCluer! High Sheriff of Chautauque Co.! pursuing his customary labors, rides out as usual on the 31st of Dec. 1846 and is much respected by the people!

Plain "Amos W. Muzzy" retires from public life to the bosom of his family! on the first of Jan. 1847. His wife opens the door to receive him

A letter from Wisconsin! Whenever this occurs an Express is furnished by Government!! So precious a document cannot be exposed to the dangers of an ordinary conveyance!!!

The family maintain a respectful silence while Miss Mary reads aloud a letter from Mrs. Keep! The children are allowed to sit up —

The eldest son *stands* with his head uncovered during the ceremony!

The Professor endeavors to remain in an attitude of profound respect, but becoming fatigued: the epistle being somewhat lengthy, relieves himself by placing his feet upon the back of his wife's chair!!!

\* \* \*

**LIFE IN WISCONSIN**, Illustrated with five splendid engravings on steel.

No 2d

Published occasionally. Founded on facts. This number is respectfully dedicated to My Father. January, 1847.

To the Hon. Maj. O. McCluer, High Sheriff of Chautauque Co. — "Servant of the people" is this little volume affectionately dedicated — in hopes that it will enlighten him with regard to the character of his *son in law*, — and also divert him, for a



Phoebe's father, Major O. McClure, High Sheriff of Chautauqua County.

few moments, from the old musty deeds, mortgages, and sheriff's sales &c, which command so much of his attention.

Here you see Mr. Keep is actually spending an evening at home. He looks very comfortable certainly with his dressing gown, and newspaper. His wife, has taken her knitting work, and drawn her seat directly before him in hopes to receive *some attention*. After waiting a long time she ventures to speak to him. "How delightful it is, to have your company, one evening, my dear," said she, in a pleasant tone. "I beg you wont disturb me, wife" was his reply — "dont you see I am reading, how can you expect me to talk and read too?"

Now Mrs. Keep is very *sensitive*, and this somewhat rude repulse from her husband caused her to retreat to the other side of the room, where she could indulge her tears. But Mr. Keep no sooner observed her thus consoling herself than he followed her. "Now dont be so foolish wife, as to sit off here in the dark crying! I really thought you was a woman of *sense*, when I married you — But I assure you, I'm not one of the sort, to be melted by a woman's tears, so if you wish not to offend me, please to come back, to your place" —

"Forgive me, my dear wife, you know I never speak *cross intentionally*

Mr. Keep generally repents having reproved his wife — for she has a way of *pouting*, which always brings



him to his senses — & sometimes to her feet. She however waits to be urged before she relents, as she thinks offences of this kind should not be too easily forgiven.

"Come, come wife, havn't you got those, most done. I cannot wait much longer. I shall go downtown without them they are all waiting for me at the store. You worked on them all last evening, and now a whole hour this morning I have waited, — It is extraordinary, that you can be so slow, when you see I am in such a hurry.

And besides you know, I have got to go down to Cat Fish to day. A man makes a pretty appearance, sitting in his dressing gown till ten o'clock in the morning waiting for his wife to mend his pantaloons

The *pantaloons* are mended — now, Mr. Keep is just started for Cat Fish to leave his sweet little wife a fortnight alone. Some men would not have the heart to do so — He is waving his adieu to her, being in too great a hurry to go in & kiss her & say goodbye. She stands by the window, her feelings can better be *imagined* than *described*!

This is the horse, which has been frequently mentioned this past summer. Mr. Keep prides himself on keeping a *good horse*, but his wife remembers the *Major's* horses and sighs at beholding the contrast —

\* \* \*

LIFE IN WISCONSIN. Illustrated with Five beautiful engravings. Published in Numbers — occasionally. And Respectfully dedicated to My Mother. December, 1846.

Mrs. Keep — ladies! Her parents are very nice people, they live in York State, and her husband you'll see on the next page! —

You'll notice one good result of that picture and description of the "gude man" which I sent home last week. He went right off and got a pair of *new boots*!! But the soles being considerably thicker than the old ones, his straps hang rather higher up. Whether this is an *improvement* or not, depends upon your *taste*, in such matters.

And this is the way in which Mrs. Keep spends *too many* of her evenings. And being thus engaged, for her husband, one might expect, that he would now & then spend an evening with her to beguile the busy hours by reading or talking with her. But not so — if his wife were only a piece of *dry goods* or even a *political newspaper*, she would then have no reason to complain of neglect, but as she is only a *beautiful & accomplished lady*, he can just afford time enough to *run up* from his store, & eat his meals with her — and is always in too great a hurry to stop a minute —

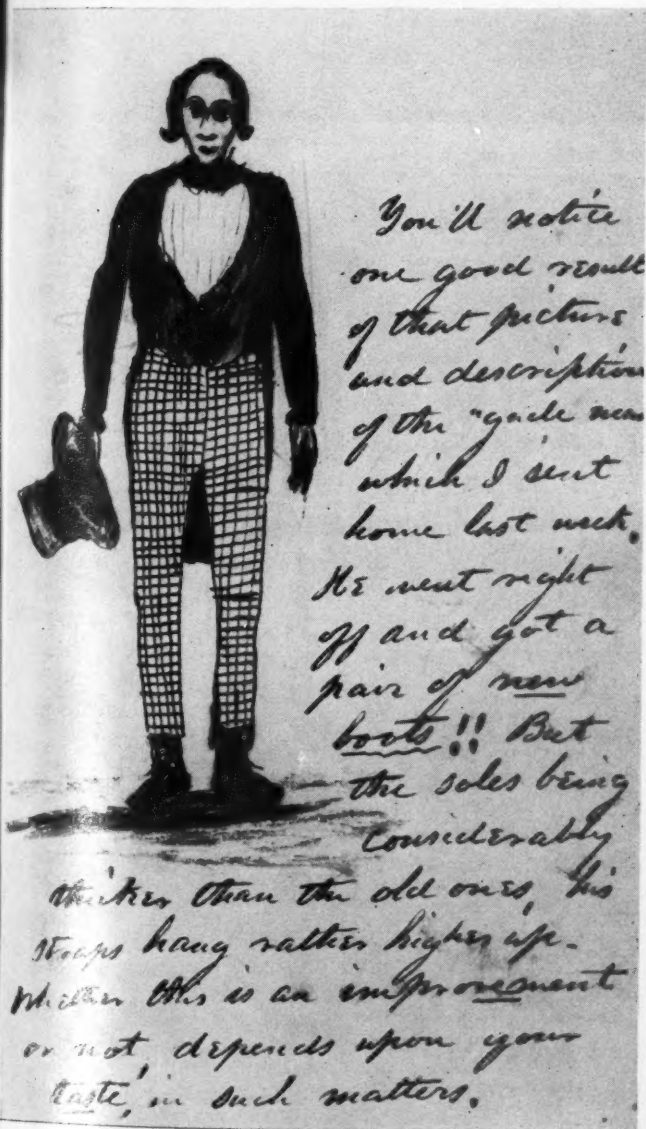
This is the appearance of Mr. Keep — as he goes & comes at meals. The men, women & children, of the town, seeing him thus always driven by business — think he must be a *great man* — and he is decidedly a *smart man*.

But when Mr. Keep *does* wait upon his wife — no one can be more *polite*. For instance, one evening not long since, he condescended to stop at Mr. Rice's and see her home. The wind was blowing a fresh breeze, which he no sooner observed, than he was greatly distressed for her comfort. "Ah!" said he "my wife the winds of Heaven must not blow too roughly upon you" and with that he clapped her old satchel right up before her face, so that she couldn't see an inch of the way before them. Her first impulse was to snatch it away, but on second thoughts, she concluded to accept the *deed* for the will. Accordingly, with a very *sweet smile*, she looked up into his face, and softly murmured "my dear, you are very kind" "Well I aint nothing else" was his emphatic reply!! —

Here is a sample of the *chequered pants*!

Here is a dress which I am making this week — it is one selected by Henry — and which I was under the *painful necessity* of accepting. A *miserable piece* of silk you see.

A piece of a wrapper — calico got for a comforter — but concluded to make a morning dress of it — first.



Phoebe's husband, Mr. Henry Keep.

# "The Eight"—Insurgent Realists

BY SAM HUNTER

"It is not necessary to paint the American flag to be an American painter. As if you didn't see the American scene every time you opened your eyes."

— JOHN SLOAN

THE FORCES OF PROGRESSIVISM IN ART, which had repeatedly been driven underground or converted to a genteel academicism by the pressures of provincialism and Victorian prudishness in the decades after the Civil War, erupted after 1904. In Theodore Roosevelt's second term a new spirit of insurgence seized the American imagination, and national interest was focussed on reform. Writers and artists suddenly came out into the open to take up the cause of the common man against organized corporate power and the abuses of privilege. Painters awoke to the teeming life of the streets and found a new sympathy for the oppressed humanity of our industrial centers. Catching fire from Roosevelt's reforming mood, a militant, activist, popular spirit swept the arts. It was characteristic that in the period of "exposé" journalism and the "exposé" fiction of the naturalists, progressive painting should be in the hands of a group of newspaper-trained, artist-journalists. There was a certain naive romanticism and boyish opportunism in the manner in which these new painters, and even such new writers as Jack London, assumed reformist attitudes. The Rooseveltian appetite for life, which helped free them from a stagnant past, was refreshing and salutary. But it was shallow, too; sheer gusto did not promise to be the most durable basis for art.

The new movement in painting was not, however, so directly concerned with radical politics or the class struggle as was literature, and on the whole substituted a spirit of irony or humor for the moral indignation and reforming zeal of the naturalist writers. Mainly, it was an expression of an awakened sense of life and of the need to be more direct and openhearted. Although later identified with the New York scene, it first centered around Philadelphia, and many of its participants had studied at the Pennsylvania Academy with Thomas Anschutz, the pupil of Thomas Eakins. Spokesman and champion of the group of rebels was Robert Henri, perhaps the most vital and influential artistic person-

ality of his day. In the words of John Sloan, who later acknowledged Henri as his "father in art," his message was "making pictures from life." For Henri, "life" became the operative word in his vocabulary; it referred not so much to the artist's objective recording of something in the external world as the inward sensation of "being alive," achieved through the exercise of the craft of painting. Henri pleaded for the viability of the emotions, and his appeal was in line with a growing sentiment of freedom which was rapidly undercutting the stuffy Victorian outlook. "Because we are saturated with life, because we are human," he wrote later in *The Art Spirit*, "our strongest motive is life, humanity; and the stronger the motive back of a line, the stronger, and therefore the more beautiful, the line will be. . . . It isn't the subject that counts but what you feel about it."

Henri had studied two years at the Pennsylvania Academy under Anschutz and then repaired to Paris where in 1888 he entered a conventional Beaux-Arts studio of the Academy. The academic productions of Paris seemed sterile and unpromising, and, like most Frenchmen, he was at a loss before late Impressionism and unfamiliar with Post-Impressionist painting. (In the late eighties and in the nineties, the Post-Impressionism of Cézanne, Van Gogh and Gauguin was known to a small, select circle in Paris. Only with the great private and salon retrospectives of Van Gogh in 1901 and 1905, of Gauguin in 1903 and 1906 and of Cézanne, in 1906 and 1907, did the new generation in Paris experience at first hand those major innovations in color and form which were to be the direct inspiration of Fauvism and Cubism.) In the early "Spanish" Manet, in Hals and in Velasquez, Henri found both a simple pictorial formula and, in the first two artists, a sympathetic taste for picturesque subject matter. There was often a certain gypsy quality about Henri's choice of subjects. The formula Henri finally arrived at was no more or less daring than Duveneck's, although his themes were less conventional. Like so many late nineteenth century painters he worked the vein of what Frank Jewett Mather has called Manet's "dark Impressionism." Naturalism with vivacity of surface





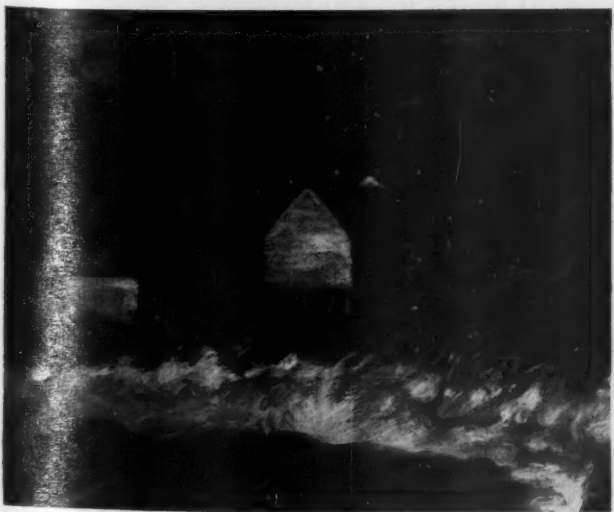
WILLIAM GLACKENS: Fete de Suquet, 1932.



ARTHUR B. DAVIES: Crescendo, 1910.



JOHN SLOAN: The Picnic Grounds, 1906-07.



ROBERT HENRI: Storm Tide, 1903.



GEORGE LUKS: Armistice Night, 1918.



EVERETT SHINN: Revue, 1908.



MAURICE PRENDERCAST: The Cover, 1916.



ERNEST LAWSON: High Bridge, 1934.



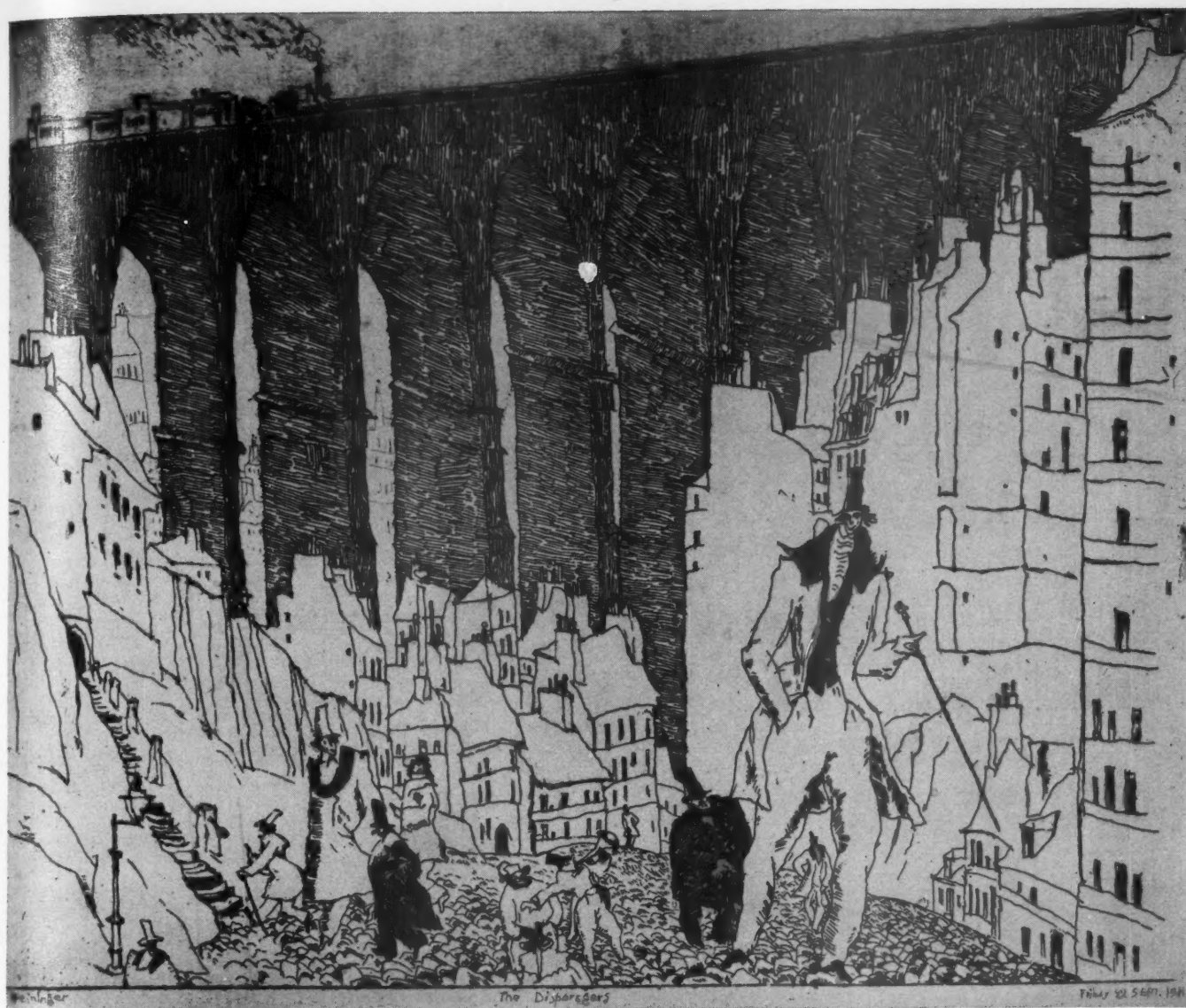
execution would be a more exact description of the manner for it involved little of the Impressionists' analytical methods or their spirit of objectivity. It was pre-Impressionist painting; the expression of the artist's interest in subject matter bulked larger than any objective technical system. In Henri's art there was little hint of those "sensations" that were at the core of French Impressionism. Nor was he aware of the most dynamic elements in the art of Manet or the radical painters of the decades of the sixties and seventies. Their focus on artistic method at the expense of representation, their atomization of the world of appearances — the rude beginnings of "the recollection by painting of its own particular means," that generic characteristic of all 'modern' art — were to result in the denial of naturalistic illusion altogether in the twentieth century, a tendency Henri could not understand and later bitterly opposed.

Still, it isn't quite just to isolate the backwardness of Henri's methods as a phenomenon peculiar to America. Even in France around the turn of the century and until 1905 there was a *détente* in styles and painting was ridden by archaisms. Matisse around 1901 repudiated the bright colors of Neo-Impressionism and returned to a "dark" manner based on Courbet and early Manet. In the first years of the new century Picasso painted in dark and then pervasive, blue tonalities a depressed subject matter of fringe bohemian life. Not until Fauvist painting erupted in 1905, with its brilliant, fresh color, heightened sensations and expressive freedoms of handling was there any painting that corresponded to twentieth century man's new sense of liberation and optimism. Once the Fauves had emancipated painting, however, then contemporary American techniques seemed woefully retarded and obsolescent. The methods and styles of the realists could not be regarded as innovations, in any case. Their spirit of insurgence and desire to address art to life was the real substance of their radicalism. That in itself was enough to assure them a tortuous, uphill climb to recognition.

On that ascent Henri kept the younger painters' morale up and acted as a living catalyst for their art, encouraging them to paint seriously and keeping them *au courant* with at least the more conservative European tendencies. In 1891 Henri returned from abroad to teach at the Pennsylvania Academy. It was then that he met the group of young artists who had been working for Edward Davis, the father

of Stuart Davis and art director on *The Philadelphia Press*. These were William Glackens, George Luks, Everett Shinn and John Sloan. Henri imparted to his young disciples a new cosmopolitan spirit, urged them to travel abroad and to choose the medium of oil painting over illustration, or at least to combine the two vocations. In 1904 he set up a school of his own in New York City's Lincoln Arcade, a Latin Quarter district on upper Broadway. There gathered all the rebels against the American genteel tradition, the Philadelphia artists who had followed Henri to New York, and others like George Bellows and Glenn O. Coleman who would also associate themselves with the new realism.

The Philadelphia group were highly varied in individual temperament and even in their styles. Glackens and Shinn were the "elegants," naturally drawn to society and the life of fashion, which they nevertheless rendered in their early work with an abundance of life and zest. After a year in Paris in the mid-nineties Glackens had worked in a muted, Whistlerian landscape idiom. And then, with the examples of Henri and of Parisian painting of the sixties in mind, he had begun to paint in a dark, robust manner that suggests Daumier, the early Manet and the romantic Cézanne. *On the Quai*, in the collection of the Kraushaar Gallery, New York, is the promising if rudimentary beginning, not so much of realism, curiously enough, but of an assimilation of the more vital Continental painting modes of the previous generation. There was, however, too much ground for Glackens to recover and in too short a space of time; and there were many distractions and pressures in the American social scene. The result was to make do with an elementary, reportorial realism rather than probe the medium of painting more deeply, as the new Europeans were doing. After Glackens had served his apprenticeship with *The Philadelphia Press*, and following his Paris sojourn, he went to Cuba, in 1898, along with George Luks, to cover the Spanish-American war. Upon his return to New York, he began drawing its street scenes with more directness, finding the push carts, crowds and tenements a stimulating new source of subject matter. He became most celebrated for his festive paintings of human groups in a holiday mood, and for such scenes of fashionable life as *Chez Mouquin*. Around 1910 the tempo of the realists' response to life slackened, and they began to strain after "style" and some more authoritative pictorialism. Glackens suc- [continued on page 56]



The Disparagers, etching, 1911. Museum of Modern Art, New York.

## Lyonel Feininger and German Romanticism

BY ALFRED WERNER

THERE IS LITTLE PROFIT in recalling the discussions raging during Lyonel Feininger's lifetime as to whether he ought to be considered a German, or an American artist, except for being reminded, with a slight shock, that even the lofty realm of art is not free of the champions of nationalism. A pre-Nazi critic pronounced Feininger "urdeutsch" and dismissed the fact that he was born in New York as a mere caprice of Fate. When Feininger left Nazi Germany for America all critics here hastened to re-

assure him that no one had ever considered him anything but an American artist (this was not true: in 1929, when the Museum of Modern Art exhibited him among *Nineteen Living Americans*, protests were heard against the inclusion of this "foreigner," working in a "foreign" idiom). Feininger, himself, wanted no part of a controversy that seemed utterly senseless to him: "What is the artist, if not connected with the Universe?" To use the title of one of his water colors, he could be described as a "Ship with





Lueneburg II, water color and ink, 1933. *Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York.*



Sails of No Nation Whatever."

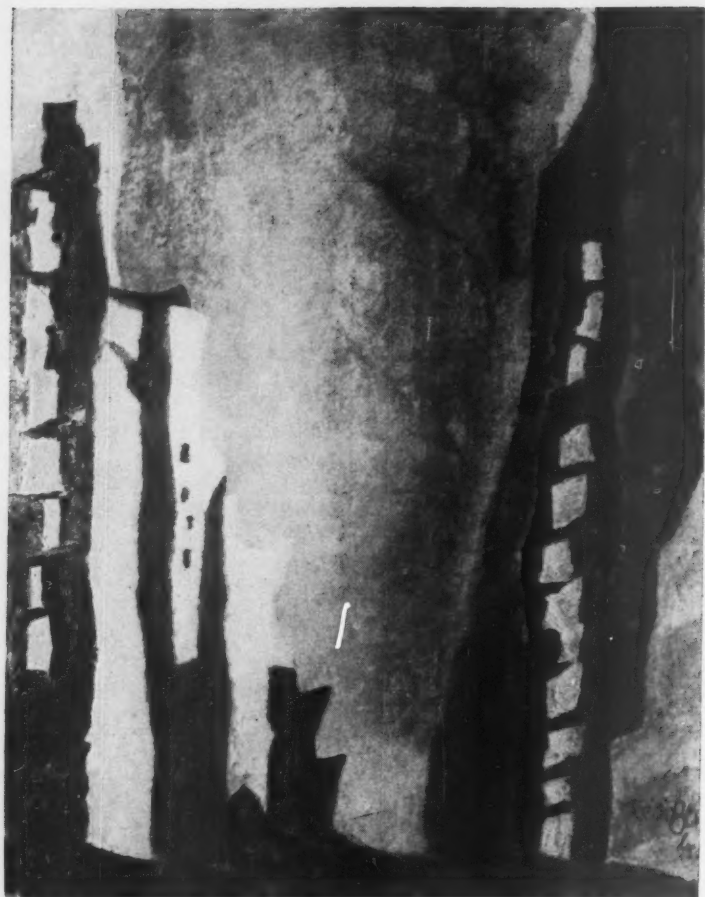
To everyone but a fanatic racist it is of no significance that he was of German origin. There are, however, national inspirations and influences that, high above imperialism and chauvinism, penetrate to the core of a creative personality. As sensitive an individual as Feininger could not spend fifty of his eighty-seven years in Germany without sending roots deep into the country's cultural soil. His life is interwoven with the fabric of German civilization in the first half of this century: around 1900 he was one of the better-known muckraking cartoonists; he was affiliated with the *Blaue Reiter*; after the first World War, he was among the progressive artists who founded an *Arbeitsrat fuer Kunst* to "re-establish the unity of the disrupted arts"; he was associated with the *Bauhaus*; he was also among the first modern artists to suffer Nazi attack when, years before Hitler's seizure of power, his works, along with those of Barlach and Klee, were removed from an exhibi-

tion in Weimar, due to pressure exerted by a Nazi member of the local government in Thuringia; subsequently, he was among the artists whose works were held up to ridicule by the Nazis' *Entartete Kunst* exhibition; fortunately, he lived to see the return of sanity, and was honored with several exhibitions in Germany during the decade preceding his death.

But it was not the mere fact of physical presence on German soil that caused him to feel at home, in a spiritual sense, in Central Europe: there was something in his mental make-up to link him with German culture, though, significantly, that of the past rather than that of the *Kaiserreich* and, subsequently, the Weimar Republic. He was not the first American-born artist to study in Germany, but probably the first to profit thereby aesthetically. Americans before him had learned in Düsseldorf to compose huge story-telling pictures in a smooth, yet monotonous finish: in Munich, to execute portraits



The Steamier "Odin" II, oil, 1927. Museum of Modern Art, New York.



Manhattan I, oil, 1940. Willard Gallery, New York.

and genre pictures in the dark colors and bituminous shadows that now destine them to the cellars of our museums.

There were some remarkably good artists working in 19th century Germany, but the public preferred the academicians and virtuosi, and it was not before the turn of the century that they were rescued from oblivion. The most outstanding, Caspar David Friedrich, died insane in 1840, and was not appreciated until sixty-odd years later. This artist, hardly known in America (the Metropolitan Museum has not even a drawing by him!) was the one whose maxim became a favorite of Feininger: "The painter should not paint only what he sees around him, but also what he sees in himself. Should he, however, see nothing within himself, he should refrain from painting what he sees around him."

It was in 1907 that Feininger, then in his mid-thirties, tired of his work as a cartoonist and started to paint in earnest. He wrote to his wife: "What we see has to go through the process of transformation and crystallization to become a picture." It was about this time that he also wrote: "I have to destroy nature before I can begin to build her up

again in my paintings." One is immediately reminded of that mystic, Meister Eckhart, who declared, six centuries earlier: "If you seek the kernel, then you must break the shell. And likewise if you would know the reality of Nature, you must destroy the appearance, and the farther you go beyond the appearance, the nearer you will be to the essence."

This is Feininger's own translation of Eckhart's striking dictum; therefore the similarity between the two utterances is not astonishing. Nor is the obvious kinship of Feininger and Friedrich. Many German intellectuals, rejecting the materialistic civilization of the *Kaiserreich*, rediscovered, in the first decade of the century, the spiritual grandeur of the Romantic Age (ca. 1800-1840) which, in turn, looked back to the Middle Ages. Feininger did not start out as an "escapist." He understood the world of hard facts, and in his drawings often satirized the Kaiser's militarism and bureaucracy. But there was also in him a yearning to reach the "soul" of things, a dreaminess, a longing for the incomprehensible and infinite, a metaphysical thirst not to be restrained by limited horizons. It is significant that Feininger was not drawn to any of the rebellious German schools: the *Bruecke*, with its violent color impasto, the nihilistic spirit of the Dadaists, or the bitter realism of the *Neue Sachlichkeit*. He did exhibit with the *Blaue Reiter*, and was briefly connected with the *Bauhaus*, yet preferred to remain on the periphery of these groups. He has been called a Cubist, but there are only superficial similarities between his work and that of the orthodox Cubists.

If he must be pigeonholed, one might place him among the German Romanticists, for this strange man who grew up among locomotives, steamships and Els, was spiritually at home in the age of stage-coaches and sailing vessels. Traces of the old *Maerchen* element can be seen even in the work done before 1907, in cartoons more playful, more whimsical than were the hard-boiled, hard-hitting caricatures of a younger man, George Grosz, a fellow contributor to *Ulk* (the satirical supplement of the *Berliner Tageblatt*). Grosz' political cartoons were like hand grenades thrown into junk shops. Those of Feininger are nearer to the disarmingly naive illustrations found in early editions of Musaeus' *Ruebezahl* tales (the stories of a mischievous, but often generous, mountain spirit in the *Riesengebirge*), to Grimm's or Andersen's Fairy Tales.



Feininger, who had spent his formative years in noisy, machine-crazy America, looked for what a hundred years earlier the aesthete K. W. F. Solger had called "das Innere und Wesentliche der Dinge," the inner, essential nature of things.

Contemplative, poetical Feininger could not follow the road of Grosz. Close to forty, he felt very much like his friend and associate of the *Blaue Reiter*, Franz Marc, who wrote: "The world is full to suffocation. . . . What can one do to attain happiness except give up everything and escape?" It might be pointed out that the name selected for the 1911 Munich group of young artists unmistakably linked them with the "Blaue Blume," the mystical symbol sought by the hero in Novalis' *Heinrich von Ofterdingen* (1802); with the miracle-producing blue flower mentioned in Jacob Grimm's *German Mythology* (1835) which the shepherd, unaware of its magic powers, pins to his shirt and by which he is led to discover a hidden treasure.

Feininger plucked this flower — and it led him into the world of fancy. Of all his contemporaries in Germany, the American Feininger was closest to these men who had found a way, fitting their spiritual needs to defy and overcome the grim realities of the Napoleonic age and its aftermath. Themselves unstable and chaotic, these German Romanticists of the *Biedermeier* era found the serenity and strength they were yearning for in an almost forgotten composer, Johann Sebastian Bach; in the harmony and calmness of Gothic architecture; in the majestic structure of untouched, unadulterated nature. Rebelling against the supremacy of Greek art and the insipidity of dry rationalism, they dreamt of an *Universalkunst* that would combine all the arts in exquisite harmony.

It is easy to find in Feininger's literary testament, the letters to his wife, parallels to the statements of the early 19th century German philosophers, poets and painters. F. W. Schelling defined a work of art as the "representation of the infinite in final form, a crystal in the absolute, as it were." To August Wilhelm Schlegel art was the "communication of a deeper spiritual seeing, whereby the external and individual reality becomes more or less unessential." Schlegel's brother, Friedrich, asked: "How is it possible to bring the infinite to the surface and give it visible form?" To give himself the answer: "Only through symbols, images and signs."

The painter who put these principles into practice, C. D. Friedrich, anticipated in more ways than



Gothen, oil, 1919. Julia Feininger Collection, Cambridge, Mass.

one the mature work of Feininger. Friedrich had come from Pomerania, that austere fog-ridden strip of land bordered by the Baltic where Feininger spent many summers sailing and working. Both artists loved the harbors and dunes in the faint light of the moon; both were infatuated with the towers and narrow streets of old towns. (Fascinated by the cathedral of Meissen, Saxony, Friedrich was probably the first German artist who dared to introduce Gothic architecture in painting, as W. H. Wackenroder, one of the literary pathfinders of Romanticism had demanded by his insistence that true art could thrive not only under Italian skies and in Greek temples, but also under Gothic spires.) Both artists showed small figures on the shore looking across wide seas, sometimes dotted with ships, the distant horizons conjuring up the infinity of space, the great Unknown lying beyond. There is music in both of them, but whereas the well-adjusted and basically happy Feininger echoes the serene, well-tempered sounds of Bach, the unhappy Friedrich brings to our ears the sad rhythms of Schubert's *Winterreise*. After seeing Friedrich's paintings, a French visitor, the sculptor David d'Angers, exclaimed: "*Voilà l'homme qui a decouvert la tragédie du paysage.*"

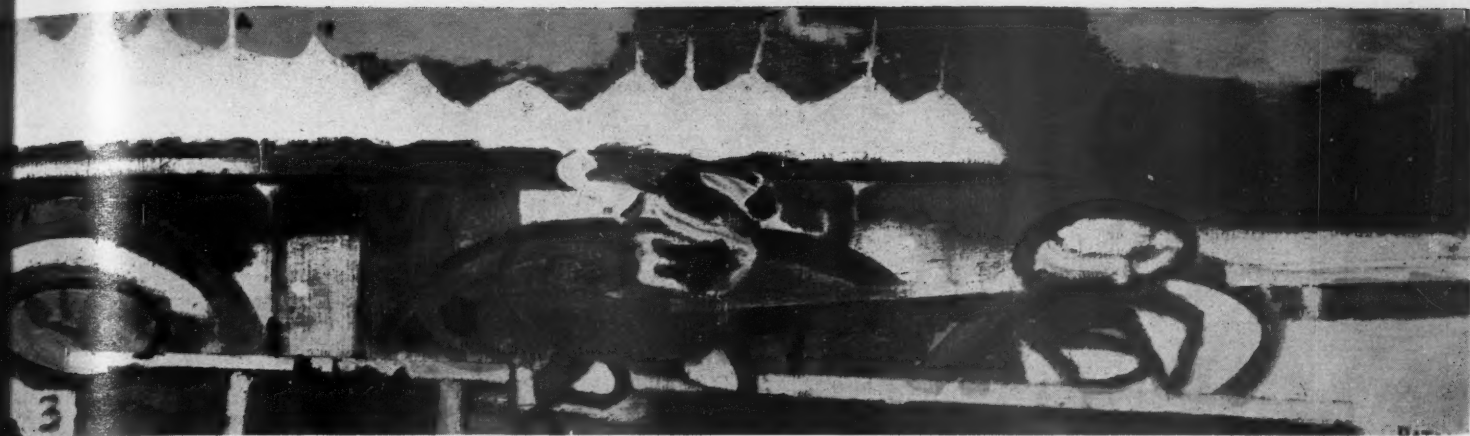
Feininger did what the unfortunate Friedrich attempted to do: to create order in a world lacking order; to make his object grow outward as a crystal grows; to distil the significance from an appearance. His artistic means were, of course, those of 1910, not of 1810. But he did not follow the Cubists in their destruction of material [continued on page 58]





*Three Candidates for Election, 1948. Duncan Phillips in Magazine of Art: "The poet in Gatch is not without his antipathy to this or that, his flashes of merriment and satirical wit. . . . He can be unobtrusively funny, as with the haloes and the horns he provides for the big heads of his *Three Candidates for Election* whose banners pass in political parade. The flaming, swaying movement of those oranges and reds bobbing up and down symbolizes the confetti, the streamers and the bands — a fantastic extravaganza which is gloriously colorful." Courtesy the Phillips Gallery, Washington, D. C.*

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*The Jockeys*, 8½" by 31", painted in 1955, typifies the economy of means and witty understatement notable especially in these narrow panels that Gatch has used periodically since the 'thirties. Mrs. M. G. Chase, Providence, R. I.

## Lee Gatch

BY DOROTHY GEES SECKLER

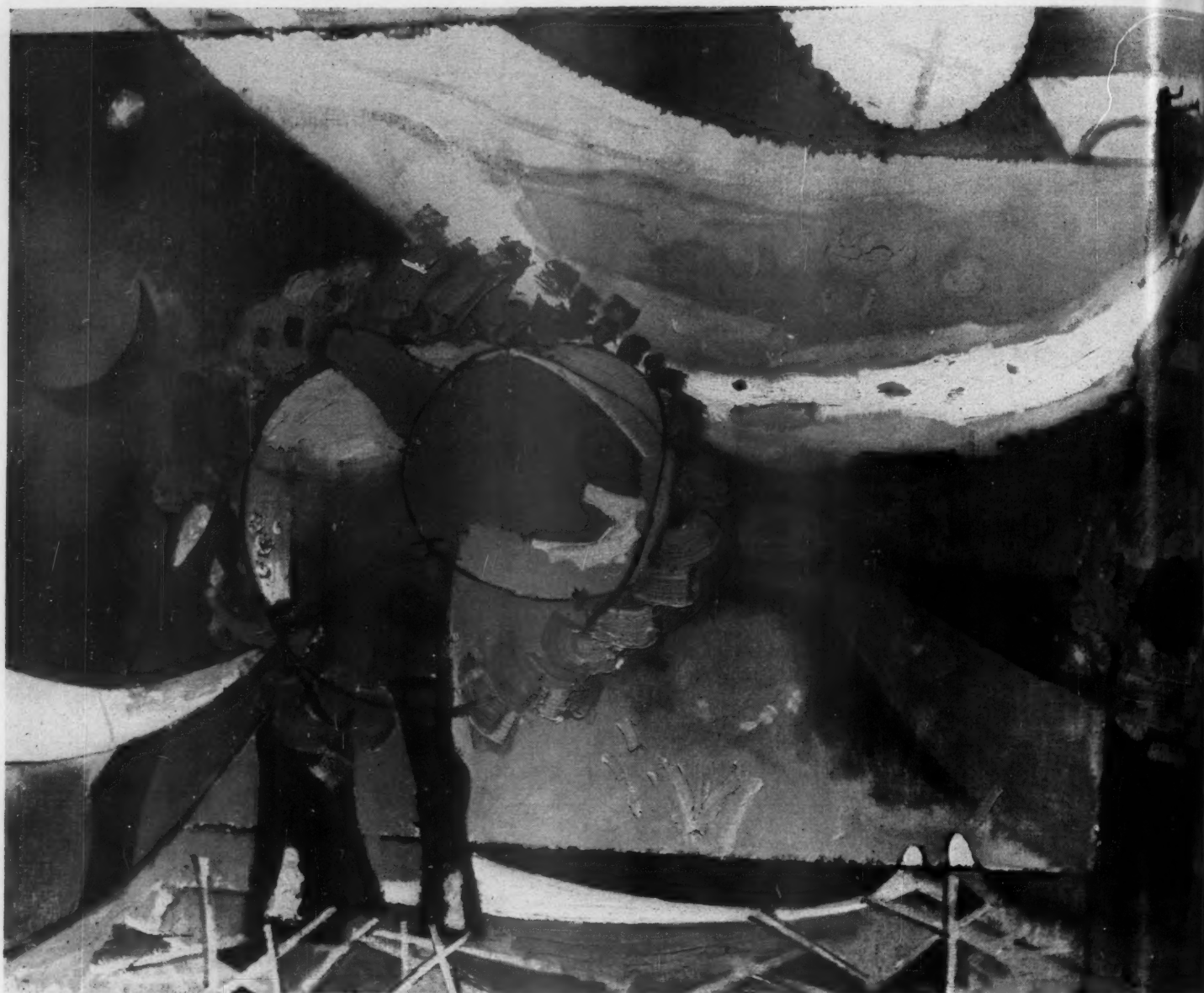
THE ELEGANCE OF HIS PAINTING has often classed Lee Gatch as the exceptional American artist among the modern abstract painters, where a certain roughness, toughness and vehemence of surface are the earmarks of convention-breaking. But this point of view overlooks the fact that his elegance is not elegance for its own sake just as his off-focus painting is not mystery for its own sake, any more than was Ryder's. Nor has he abstracted from nature simply to be in fashion but because by abstracting he can create an image of the world that says what he perceives: that all living things share an eternal plight and continuity, that they come and go, grow and die and only the large pattern endures; that this pattern is not hieratic but fluid and dynamic. Gatch is first of all an Expressionist. Through his faith in this insight, unwavering over decades, and his refusal to submit to any restricting conventions of subject matter or form, he has made a contribution to American art that goes beyond a number of exquisite paintings — in fact, an example of real independence of spirit and an affirmation that spirituality is not alien to contemporary forms.

In his early fifties, this tall, ruggedly cut Marylander is little touched by his success. Today his work is owned by most of the leading museums and is avidly snatched up from the Grace Borgenicht Gallery by collectors. In the 'thirties his "distinguished originality" was recognized by Duncan Phillips who has acquired eleven of his canvases for the

Phillips Gallery in Washington. He has been the subject of numerous articles here and abroad, including one by Phillips himself, and his honors have also included representation of this country at the Venice Biennale in 1950 and this year. He has continued, nevertheless, to live quietly with his family in an old stone house in the deeply wooded country near Lambertville, New Jersey. His wife, the former Elsie Driggs, is well known as an artist in her own right and the career of his daughter, Merryman, a fledgling actress, may now draw him to New York for a period.

His genial drawl cannot hide an inner and obdurate intensity which when thwarted is likely to erupt in shyness and withdrawal. A magnificent obstinacy, combining with his shyness, has largely set the pattern for both his personal and artistic life, arming him first against the designs of family and schools; later insulating him against the programs and coteries of other artists during his stubborn and solitary search for his own way, in the 'twenties in New York. The exceptional relationships were those with one or two artist friends and J. B. Neumann, his dealer from 1925, when he gave Gatch his first show at The New Art Circle, and Grace Borgenicht, his present dealer.

It may have been on the long fishing and hunting trips of his boyhood — stolen from school, where he was failing — that he formed the attachment to nature, as at once haven and identity, that became



"*The Lamb* (1954)," Gatch says, "is liturgical, very close to the Lamb of the burning bush that suddenly appeared when Abraham was about to slay his son on God's order but the Lamb was sacrificed instead. The head of the Lamb is the centrifugal center, with the dominant lines of all corners of the picture being drawn into the vortex or spiral around it. The implication of the labyrinth is that both man and beast are somehow eternally in fetters, trapped by circumstances of one nature or another." *Joseph H. Hirshhorn, New York.*

the cornerstone of his point of view in which we recognize a certain pantheism. The habit of waiting and listening, the need to read "sermons in stones," and a sympathetic presence — God — in all living things has actually determined not only the content of his painting but his approach to its form, so that he has never imposed a symbol but has tracked it down through a labyrinth of associations, never sacrificing the object (to the anonymity of abstraction) until "the subjective implications were strong." Certainly he must have discovered rather early, that two-way path from the thing seen in nature — tree or bird — through the grottoes of the unconscious, to the secret of its inner meaning for him, then back again to conscious awareness

of the form as symbol and all the formal means by which it must be recreated on the canvas. Many artists have lost their way in these subterranean strongholds of the unconscious, while others, remaining outside in the bright sunlight have felt a loss. In Gatch's work the little fragments of reality are like the pebbles that Gretel left behind to guide the children out of the forest. They witness the mysterious two-way traffic along a path that is probably too narrow and devious for most others to follow. The reverence with which he interprets the most intimate aspects of nature, the melting of late snow, a disturbance in a bird's nest, is rare outside of oriental art.

If this dogged treading of the path from image



The ice skater in *Winter*, 1955, one of his rare figure compositions, shows how much Gatch can express by leaving out—in this case everything but the voluminous cape under which delicate feet advance cautiously on the ice. *Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Bernstein, Baltimore, Md.*



*April Gothic*, 1953, was inspired by nature's "own subjective display," Gatch explains. "It happened one early spring day, nothing very green yet except the winter wheat forging ahead, both shadow and sun racing each other over the land, when suddenly the sun stood still to spotlight two perfect Gothic fields, glowing like a jewel in the bright emeraldness on the grey land." *Morton D. May, St. Louis, Mo.*



in nature to abstract symbol is his strength, it is also his burden. "Reality in painting is so fascinating," he writes, "that it is hard to abandon its charms that are so apparent and within our realm of expression. Interpretation is the most exciting of the two and the most likely to fail. How terribly persistent it must be to have any validity at all. One false move and complete failure."

Gatch, usually considered a colorist, was already an original and advanced artist in a tonal style when he experienced, from a child's drawing, his first insight of what color could be as an emotional force. "Glorious, a flame of color," was his description of this little cityscape that he saw at Cooper Union in 1932. The revelation of the child's picture

was not technical but emotional, and it had been prepared for by his growing awareness of the need to go beyond technique. Perhaps it rolled away the last barrier between conscious and formal search and symbol. Before this time he had been a painter of cityscapes composed in a geometry of darks and lights, a discipline that was to serve him well later, when he dematerialized such solids in off-focus passages and mists of color. In study with André L'hôte on a scholarship in Paris the lessons of the Cubists had been absorbed. Now he was free to find his own equivalents for those "emotional deformations" that had attracted him to Goya, El Greco and Daumier, when he saw their paintings. Cezanne could be rediscovered — but as an Expressionist.



Inspired by the suggestion of a calvary he saw at twilight in the sharply triangulated facade of a stone quarry along the Delaware River, Gatch returned to his studio and made the charcoal sketch (left). In the painting, *The Flame*, that he later made on this theme, he used the central shaft of the quarry, which he thought of as "cathedral-like," as an axle to connect the radiating movements of the distant crosses at the top and the shadows from the objects below. Addison Gallery of American Art, Andover, Mass.

For many artists the realization that art is symbol and close to religion (in its implication of universal meanings) is the moment either to discard the burden of nature, at least its immediate and visual presence, or to develop an art of pure symbol. But for Gatch the image has to be "abstract but possible." He sees a quarry at sundown, its "sheer dramatic height and plunge invoking a Calvary," but he goes home and sketches, not a Calvary, but a trio of homely objects on a table whose only connection with the shadowy and remote crosses outside is via shafts of light. This approach to his painting can be seen in the illustrations above.

"It is always a fresh amazement to me," he writes (speaking of *April Gothic*), "that whatever vanity man may have over his most private inventions and ingenuity, the same event will sooner or later turn up in nature in what would seem to be its own subjective display. One could almost exclaim, 'this is a stunt! This is only theater or pure chichi!'"

In exact opposition to the majority of advanced artists who have taken fragments from styles they

admired and blown them up — reducing content and association in the process — Gatch has insisted on making a synthesis of the examples he admired. He has, in fact, imposed on himself the task of bringing together elements from traditions as disparate as those of Klee, Cezanne and Ryder in the service of his own imagination. If he has sometimes failed out of the overcomplexity of his intention, he has more often succeeded in just this kind of dazzling performance that most other moderns would not even attempt. This impresses us most of all in the ingenuity with which he is often able to preserve a flat and subtly patterned surface and yet at the same time suggest a flight into depth. In the characteristic airy span from a blurred foreground plane to a mysterious horizon, the eye is directed by his typical motifs, abstracted from nature into the shapes of arcs, shafts and ovals (spaced like stepping stones). In this function as pointers — "color movements through color space," they follow the direction indicated by Klee. Yet, by the sheer virtuosity of the artist they are made also to [continued on page 59]



# Conversation with Rico Lebrun

## ... Images Motivated by Passion

BY SELDEN RODMAN

RICO LEBRUN seems to have emerged from his excursion into quasi-nonobjective abstraction unscathed. Seeing him for the first time in four years, and being astonished by the renewal of human content in his new pictures, I put this immediate reaction to him in the form of a question. "I wouldn't call it an excursion," he said, smiling. "As a matter of fact it added considerably to my means."

By my question I hadn't intended to imply that the non-objective direction is for every artist necessarily the wrong one. For such a painter as Ben Nicholson, for instance, it is surely the right one. But the very instability of those gigantic collages on which Lebrun had been expending his daemonic energy since his trip to Mexico in 1953-4 bespoke a loss. Everything in this artist's earlier mastery of a great tradition of configuration bore witness to a natural evolution from his Neapolitan background, and everything in his temperament seemed to fit him for the role of a plastic interpreter of human and even moral issues. In the collages this mastery and temperamental bias might be expressed, but they were not communicated. At least not to me.

Yet as I took a second look around his spacious new studio in West Los Angeles I agreed with his rejoinder to a degree. The collages had strengthened Lebrun's palette and his constructive sense without apparently enervating his humanity. Rico himself — when last I saw him, he had just finished his *Crucifixion* series — seemed warmer and more at peace. And the particular canvas on which I found him working, depicting figures from concentration camps, seemed to me just as "engaged" as the *Crucifixion* series, and much closer to a baroque, even a classical, balance than to the earlier pictures with their sometimes spiky and ill-digested allusions to Picasso's *Guernica*.

On my second visit to his studio I discovered that the big picture I had admired so much, *Buchenwald Cart*, had been shipped to Philadelphia. He was at work on another, a sort of *Three Graces*, titled *Three Hostages*, grotesque graces whose forms with their craggy faces, broad hips and hor-

ribly dimpled knees, had been suggested by a photograph entitled "STRIP . . . BURN. . . ." It had appeared in *Men's Magazine*, illustrating a report on the women of the Doukhobor religious sect in Canada and their defiance of the authorities. His Mexican digression into abstract collage had taught him, Rico said, to see the possibilities for art in even such an illustration — "to make the surprise of the actual, monumental."

"At least I'm reaching for it," he went on. "My aim is a continuous, sustained, uncontrived image, motivated by nothing but passion."

I noticed some pomegranates, broken open on his drawing board, and beside them a sketch with the ink still wet. I was surprised at the small scale of this drawing, its delicacy and realism. "The passages in these huge heads," he said, pointing to the *Hostages*, "give you a kind of lonely feeling. Close to the *object* (pointing to the pomegranates), a saturation takes over. The heads are helped by the split-continuous assembly of the fruit shapes. Emily Dickinson's lines

'I like a look of agony

Because I know it's true'

come to my mind." He smiled obliquely. "Substitute 'pomegranates' for 'agony.'"

We returned to the *Hostages* and he remarked that perhaps for the first time in his life everything in his pictures was beginning to assume its inevitable place, after an initial shifting back and forth of shapes. In one over-life-size sketch, for instance, on which he had actually worked, he said, only forty-five minutes — there were only two figures in this oil — the attitude of one of the women had resulted from a sudden recall of the way a model had looked one day three months before, after getting up from a muscle-cramping pose and pressing her crotch with her hand as she awkwardly straightened up.

His philosophy of painting was summed up, he said, in this insistence on moving from the particular (the gesture) to the total. "The abstract expressionists believe in the instinctive gesture, a thing which is as old as painting itself, but too often they aban-

# STRIP...BURN...

*As flames consume the clothing they have just removed, nude members of the "Sons of Freedom" pray with folded arms.*



**DOUKHOBOR WOMEN**, photograph of rites of a Canadian religious sect that suggested Lebrun's *Three Hostages*.

**RICO LEBRUN'S STUDIO**, 1956, with studies for *Three Hostages* and finished canvas at right.





REBURIAL AT GUSTEN — U. S. SIGNAL CORPS, photograph from 1946 issue of *U. S. Camera* that suggested Lebrun's *Buchenwald Cart*.



RICO LEBRUN: *Buchenwald Cart*, 1956. *Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia.*



don the object, the real world, out of which the gesture, to be significant, must grow. Instead of Emily's 'agony,' they substitute a color. 'I love a look of ultramarine because I know it's true.'

"I go along with that," he added, "but why become the enraged custodians of the virginity of ultramarine? To me the pure ultramarine look is nonsense. It must be related to a wave or a piece of fruit or a cold planet. A figure painted in cold planet color will give a real look to ultramarine. I feel that in these paintings I am groping my way toward what painting can and must do next — after the freedom we have gained."

Lebrun does seem to be doing this, I thought as I left, but by what anguished circumlocutions, what cost to himself! I thought of Einstein's words: "Perfection of means but confusion of aims are the mark of our time." Was this the fatality of the contemporary artist? But Lebrun's stature may be precisely in his refusal to settle for the means.

Lebrun is riding the crest as far as his confidence in his current effort goes, but occasionally his failure to find a steady market or an audience gets him down. This is understandable. He is sometimes annoyed when people ask him why he doesn't continue to make "beautiful drawings." Did they think it was easier for him to do what he is doing now? He smiled ruefully, picking up a small version of the *Hostages*, no more than twenty-four inches high. "I sweated so doing this I had to wring my shirt out," he said, "but still it doesn't move, with the bodies flowing into and out of each other as in the larger versions." He denies that his situation in Los Angeles contributes to his isolation, and will rise to a defense of the city as no better and no worse than any other for an American artist. But there have been times when he has painted for months on end without seeing a visitor. Almost three-quarters of the *Crucifixion* series, despite its fame, is still looking for a home. There was an offer of a commission to paint some murals for a synagogue; he accepted it gladly, then heard nothing further. He was accused of snobbism for declining another commission — to paint murals for a hotel dining room — but his refusal had been realistic. "Consider what they would have considered suitable for a dining room," he said with a laugh. "I disqualified myself for the job because, having just finished the *Crucifixion*, I could not see myself swinging to such a different proposition. Is it snobbism or good sense to realize that one's own images may be more suit-

able for certain places than for others?"

I recalled the very unusual moral preoccupations and sense of social responsibility that had led Lebrun to paint the *Crucifixion* in the first place. "Too many of us," he had said, "fugitives from the obvious and tangible, were writing the obscure diary of a twisted nerve-center. To the essentially trite motto of Lautremont it was correct to answer that the *expected* surgical instruments on an operating table are an even more potent image than a sewing machine and an umbrella." He had painted the series out of wrath — wrath at what the times were doing to men, forcing them to live by mechanical rather than organic rules. He had sensed that what the Avant-Garde and the Academy had in common was their seeking a motivation for painting in painting itself rather than in those broader areas of human living and behavior which had motivated the great art of all times, and that in this sense subject matter was unimportant to both.

Speaking of the characterization of the figure behind Christ as a man who "just gets involved, and so becomes culpable," a figure that "could be taken as a warning to have nothing to do with that sort of action," he had gone on to say that it was not true that all such questions have nothing to do with painting. "You don't make a goddamn schoolmarm out of yourself by being concerned with sentiment." The sentiments are what cause the altering and transformation of forms; the forms for the occasion then evolve. "I don't think it's 'literary,'" he had continued, "to make the hammer and nails become part of the body. That has to do with the graphic arts. The crying head of Mary becomes a fountain — she cries forever! The transformation of the ladder from a smooth one to an awful one, one hard to climb, is the transformation of the event graphically. The distance between one rung and the next is a psychological problem. The guy who climbed with the nails had to negotiate it. For Mondrian the intervals were untroubled with psychological problems; his strength was of another kind."

Today I wanted to find out whether his thinking had changed along these lines so I asked him bluntly whether *Buchenwald Cart* grew out of compassion for Buchenwald's victims or out of experiments with forms. This rather Boswellian question he didn't answer directly, though he did show me an issue of *U. S. Camera* 1946 with a shot captioned "Reburial at Gusten — U. S. Signal Corps," the discovery of which he had suggested, he [continued on page 60]



# Artists of the West Coast

## ... A Family of Painters

BY HENRY J. SELDIS

DURING A TIME when an increasing number of painters are attempting to get through to some sort of imagery, notably absent from American painting in recent years, it is rewarding to turn one's attention to a group of painters in and around Los Angeles who by their common background of experience, education, technical ability and personal association constitute a family though not a self-conscious school or schematic movement.

Leading figures in this family are Rico Lebrun, Howard Warshaw, William Brice and Channing Peake who have uninterruptedly clung to the notion that it is quite possible to reveal each personal equation to its maximum in painting while still being engaged in the world around us. They have

maintained a deep interest in the concept rather than the appearance of the object.

These painters — and a number of younger West Coast artists closely related to them — have always denied that the actual connotation of the object diminishes the meaning of the painting in any way. They feel that if the painting is not related to anything at all, it does not gain but loses power.

Says Lebrun: "With the abstract expressionists I feel that in spite of a tremendous presence of freedom there is an amorphousness and similarity in their work which proves that, in the long run, they are cultivating sterile rather than fertile ground. Many of their paintings are rich in personal variations so minute that they are almost below the level



HOWARD WARSHAW: Boy on Wooden Horse, 1956. Jacques Seligmann Gallery, New York.



WILLIAM BRICE: *Parched Land*, oil, 1954. *Alan Gallery, New York.*

of language of any kind. You might as well decide to make new and interesting sounds because you do not want to talk like anyone else any more. As humans we have to rely on some sort of communication."

Brice feels the need for reference to the world around him equally strongly. Despite his admiration for some of the contributions made by the abstract expressionists — whom he prefers to call action painters — he has never painted without reference to some visual experience, no matter how abstract his canvases have been:

"It seems to me that they asked themselves: If the symbol is more potent than the reference, can one make references to physical appearances and come to any truths? Although the question is right, the answer of avoiding references entirely is wrong. One cannot possibly deny the relationship to the exterior world — we are so very much connected

to so many things in it, after all."

Yet — in various degrees — these painters also agree that it would be infantile to belittle the contributions of abstract expressionism while pointing to the now pressing need to go on from there.

The freedom gained by the breaking of certain conventions of picture construction, the greater span of actual performance demonstrated in their work, the revival of the highly romantic and transcendental tradition in American painting — in contrast to the chauvinistic literal attitude toward the American scene — the visceral quality added — these are contributions by the abstract expressionists readily acknowledged by this group of humanistic and scholarly painters who were alternately critical and appreciative spectators but never participants in this movement which held the spotlight for so long.

"Perhaps the most meaningful and useful quality of the action painters is that they never suggested



optimism toward technological and mechanical construction. There is also something praiseworthy in being autobiographical in a regimented time — although I feel in painting autobiography is not enough," Brice says.

Pointing to Oriental and other early and highly developed art forms, Lebrun reminds us that abstract expressionism did not invent but merely emphasized the intuitive approach.

Warshaw feels that while the advent and widespread practice of abstract expressionism helped contemporary painters see what dismally literal a state American painting had come to earlier, the leaders of the movement such as Jackson Pollock (reacting from his years of adherence to the rigid Thomas Benton pattern) were "in many cases men in a desperate condition. How can you say "this is paint — therefore this is a painting?"

As revealing and related as comments on abstract expressionism by these humanistic West Coast painters may be, it is not just their reaction to action painting which links them, although these reactions shed light on their own attitudes.

Most significant of all their common traits is a preoccupation with the relationship between the window and the wall — the solid object and the flat surface — the three-dimensional reality of the world around us and the two-dimensional condition of the painting. This can be seen by comparing the illustrations for this article.

"Cubism opened the door but the isolated masters of Cubism soon pursued their personal tangents without ever going back to consolidate the concept. Our main problem is to see whether we can combine the immediacy of Cubism, the illusion of extra painting reference and the physical pretensions of painting," Warshaw explains.

While all the painters discussed here have in one way or the other leaned on the concepts if not on the optical qualities of Cubism, Warshaw is perhaps most conscious of the regret once voiced by Gris that the isolated Cubist masters never managed to develop their great contributions into a system which could support many minor as well as a few major painters in the way the movements of the Renaissance and the Gothic eras did.

CHANNING PEAKE: *Ranch Landscape*, oil, 1956. *Jacques Seligmann Gallery, New York.*



It is pertinent to note here that this group of contemporary American painters to some degree shares with the Cubists the opinion that expressionism is an extravagant stylization.

Their approach, as the Cubist approach, is a classical one which revives yet renews the work of earlier times. Another similarity lies in the attempt to penetrate to the very essence of an object by representing it not as it appears at a given time but as it exists ultimately, composed from memory.

Where the contemporary California group described here transcends the Cubist pioneers is shown by its attitude in the struggle between canvas and subject. While the Cubist masters invariably sided

RICO LEBRUN: Facing Figures, oil and collage, 1956. Jacques Seligmann Gallery, New York.



with the canvas, these American painters seem to be striving toward a workable balance between the two elements in painting. But, as can be seen by the following statements, this problem is still a central and unresolved one.

"To me the most exciting and mysterious aspect of painting is the problem of surface and illusion. I want to find how to use deep form and simultaneously return to the surface. The combination, if it works, is the most satisfying. I have tried both extremes and found them not to be satisfying to me independently. Somewhere we seek to establish a passable bridge between the wall and the stage," Peake says.

"My deep interest in the relationship between the third-dimensional illusion and the two-dimensional condition of a painting is an important facet of my belief that painting must be more than an examination of my own relationship to the canvas. This is far too limited and introspective an attitude for me since I have both sympathy and need for reference to the world of people and ideas around me," Brice comments on the same subject.

A master draftsman, who has recently used a great deal of montage in his own attempt to reconcile the actuality of flatness and the illusion of depth in painting, Lebrun explains that montage is not just a faster but a new way with him which he needs in order "to do what has to be done and what cannot be done with line no matter how skillful a draftsman you may be."

The virtuoso draftsmanship which characterizes these four painters may well be responsible for their intense — and individually differentiated — search for a *modus vivendi* in painting which will reconcile the Cubists' resurrection of the wall in painting and their own passion for drawing in the round. Nor is it surprising to find that it is by comparing their drawings that one finds most readily the extraordinary affinity of spirit and intent which makes them indeed a family of painters.

While each of the four artists has turned repeatedly and at length to landscape and mechanical subjects, it is significant that all of them are returning to the human figure as their primary subject at this time.

"They threw the figure away," says Lebrun, "thinking that all had been done with it that could be done in painting. Neither the figure nor most of the visible world around us has been fully exploited yet. In my current work I [continued on page 60]



# Dilemmas of the Modern Artist



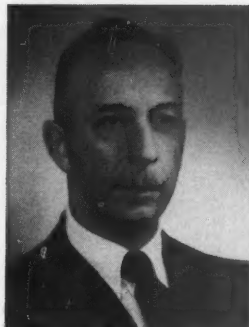
*Comment by*  
**George L. K. Morris**

THE POSITION in which the painter or sculptor finds himself today is — as far as I know — something unique in history. We could doubtless extend much of what I am saying to include the poet and the composer as well. At any rate, the so-called “esthetically-creative” professions are nowadays beset with contradictions and dilemmas all their own. On the one hand, they’ve never been so susceptible to compromises; at the same time they offer unparalleled opportunities for freedom.

Before discussing specifically the various problems of artists, I must narrow my field; I want to make a few qualifications. Perhaps it’s superfluous to point out that within modern society — albeit somewhat pushed around the fringes — painters and sculptors seem to fall into quite divergent categories. To be sure any classification of artists is apt to be hazardous. And I want it understood that I’m dividing them here — not according to the scope of their work — but in relation to society with which they must connect.

Most familiar to the public are the so-called “commercial-artists.” These are the ones who illustrate the *Saturday Evening Post*, who paint for reproduction in calendars, who execute the advertisements we meet everywhere, from the pages of periodicals to the subway. Such illustrators are geared to a public that is not expected to look for very long; it usually sees the work only in reproduction. Yet it is the commercial artists who constitute what great masses of the public think of as ART — in such moments, that is, as the subject reaches them at all. There are degrees of quality here, of course. But I think it can be said that the real emphasis is on salesmanship. Their problems are closely allied to that of the businessman.

We now arrive at a sec- [continued on page 61]



*Survey by*  
**Bernard S. Myers**

THE EDITORS OF ART IN AMERICA have asked the writer to discuss his own pilot study: *Problems of the Younger American Artist* (Exhibiting and Marketing in New York) to be published this Fall by the City College Press. What is the background of the survey; how was the methodology worked out; what are the artist’s problems and what tentative solutions can be offered?

For some time the New York Area Research Council of The City College has been studying the social, economic, psychological and cultural viability of the metropolis. In the course of this work the problems of the artist — especially the so-called younger artist — came in for special attention. The Rockefeller Foundation, under whose auspices the Research Council had been established, generously provided additional funds for a direct survey of these artists.

Where earlier surveys such as that of the *Magazine of Art* (1946) had concerned themselves with established artists, the present survey deals with those attempting to gain a foothold on the artistic ladder. How difficult is it for them to find exhibiting space? What do they actually earn from their efforts in creative art? What other problems are there?

Since the end of World War II the ever-increasing number of artists has tended to overwhelm the available exhibition facilities. The never-ending stream of artists coming from art schools and universities, the encouragement of amateur artists by art magazines and art supply manufacturers, the continuing importance to American art of New York City as a focus of activity — all these things and others have tended to create the narrow bottleneck known as Fifty-Seventh Street, New York. Although many new galleries have been established in New York, they cannot begin to satisfy the demands for exhibition space. By the same [continued on page 63]

# DECORATIVE ARTS



Tiger, 1938, L. 24½". One of Walters' larger pieces, showing his mastery of color and design, as well as the characteristic whimsy of his animals. *Museum of Art of Ogunquit, Maine.*

## Carl Walters, Ceramic Sculptor

BY WILLIAM I. HOMER

*The following article appears in connection with a memorial exhibition of ceramic sculpture by Carl Walters (1883-1955), which was presented during the past summer (July-September) by the Museum of Art of Ogunquit, Maine.*

LAST NOVEMBER a short paragraph was typed out over Associated Press wires throughout the country; it recorded the death at the age of seventy-two of one of America's leading ceramic sculptors — Carl Walters. His passing was noted by friends and by a devoted circle of collectors and museums, but to the general public Walters' name was probably less familiar than his works themselves.

Over a period of thirty-five years he created a whole realm of animal life in glazed pottery, as well as being master of the potter's wheel. More-

over, he was an accomplished painter and a maker of glass and jewelry. Much of Walters' best work may be found in distinguished American museums and private collections, but his renown as a sculptor was modified by the fact that he worked in ceramics — a medium that has carried a subtle stigma given to it by the poorer type of commercial decorative art.

Walters is clearly American in his boldness of presentation, his directness of feeling, and his ingenuity of technique. But it is difficult to associate him with a native "style" in ceramics. Because the United States depended heavily on European examples until the present century, and because of our insistence on pottery as a utilitarian art, no unified



American style had emerged when Walters appeared on the scene. He shared the general spirit of American work in this medium, but his main sources of inspiration were ancient Egypt, Persia and China. By turning to masters of this art in the distant past he recaptured the dignity of the medium — and, in so doing, he restored glazed pottery as a serious sculptural vehicle.

The story of Walters' career parallels that of many self-made men of his era. He traded his services for an art education and later bartered with the products of his hands for the necessities of life. When he needed cash for equipment or travel he raised it by selling his work, either by exhibition or direct assault — but always successfully. He was jack-of-all-trades as well as master of his art; in his youth he was a cook, telephone lineman, boilermaker's apprentice, and night watchman. His travel as an uninvited guest of the railroads acquainted him with the bustling industry of Amer-

ica in the 1910's. But, from this ambitious youth, curiously enough, was to come an array of ceramics of great delicacy and feeling. Like the well-known artist-scientists of the Renaissance, he was a blend of the aesthetic and the practical man. The same individual who created the thoughtful and delicate *Stallion* also built his own stone studio and kiln and was proud of the fact that he was self-taught.

At the age of twenty-two this young man from Fort Madison, Iowa, joined his first class at the Minneapolis School of Art. He remained a student there from 1905 to 1907, and then continued his education as a painter in New York City at the Chase school and under Robert Henri from 1908 to 1911. After marrying in 1912 he established himself as an artist in Portland, Oregon, for six years. He exhibited continually from 1913 to 1919 and was considered one of the promising young painters of the Northwest. His espousal of the teaching of Henri and Sloan is evident in his powerful and

Carl Walters in his studio at Woodstock, N. Y. On the stand is a late version of his "Bull" (an earlier example from the same mould, dated 1927, is to be found in the Whitney Museum of American Art). Photograph by Caroline Rohland.



unglamorized scenes along the Pacific coast, and in these early years Walters insisted, as his teachers had, on the need for a truly American art. As a result, he felt that training in Europe was not necessary for the art student of his generation.

Walters decided to return to New York in 1919, and it was here that his first experiments in ceramics took place. He recorded in his autobiographical notes that he spent almost two years in the development of his now famous blue glaze. Paradoxically, he had no training as a ceramist at this time; it was the sheer love of this color that drove him to its re-creation from the source that inspired him: a blue seen in Egyptian faience beads at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. He visited its Egyptian department regularly to check the accuracy of his color and finally obtained from this museum fragments of ancient pottery on which to base his advanced investigations. This experience, in addition to Walters' voracious readings on the subject — plus his persistence — produced the desired result sometime in 1921: a blue indistinguishable from the Egyptian original. But he had placed the cart before the horse, ceramically speaking, for he had perfected a glaze of great beauty without having made the objects to which he could apply it.

Walters completed the circle during the summer of 1921, in Cornish, New Hampshire, where he set up his first ceramic workshop complete with kiln and potter's wheel. His earliest work here, however, did not utilize the blue glaze. Instead, he applied a tin enamel glaze to pottery of native red clay. Only upon his return to New York did he evolve a clay body to which the "Walters Blue" would adhere successfully. With all of these factors finally under control, he was armed for his venture in the field of ceramics.

The step from potter to ceramic sculptor was a short one for this artist. He built an outdoor wood-burning kiln when he first went to Woodstock, New York, in the summer of 1922, in which he fired his earliest piece of ceramic sculpture — a cat with kittens. Soon the creation of animals in three dimensions overtook the production of bowls and plates, and by 1924 he had made enough sculpture to show it at the Whitney Studio Club. The *Stallion*, now in the Whitney Museum of American Art, was purchased from this exhibition. From this date until a few months before his death he produced a veritable zoo of animals in glazed pottery and terracotta, ranging in length from inches to feet.



*Stallion*, 1924, H. 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ ". One of Walters' first ceramic sculptures, it was included in an exhibition at the Whitney Studio Club in 1924. It has a beige body with an earth-red and turquoise pattern. *Whitney Museum of American Art, New York.*

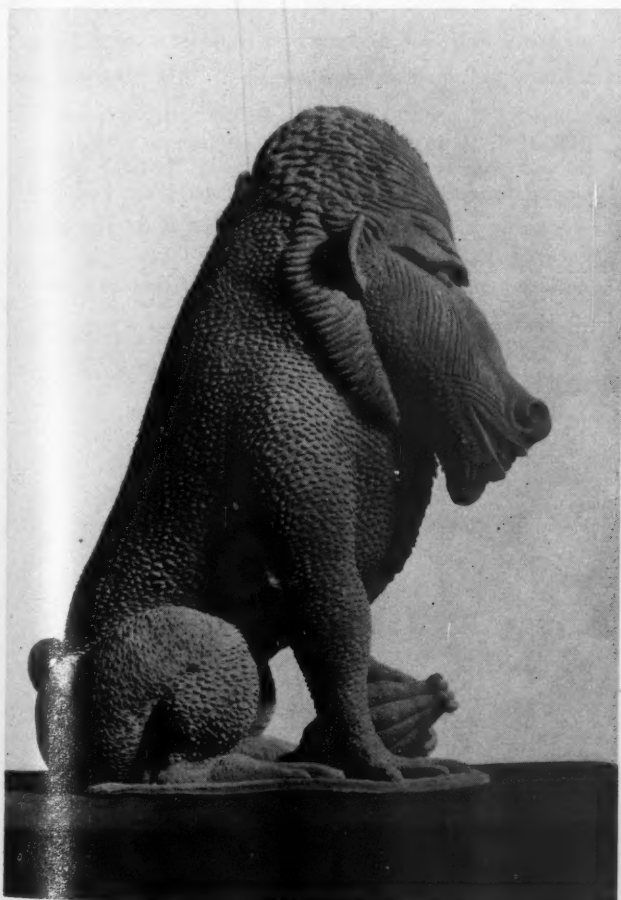


*Cat in Tall Grass*, 1940, H. 14 $\frac{3}{4}$ ". Glazed pottery with black stripes on a cream body. *Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.*





Lion (Portrait of the Artist as a Lion Dormant), 1955, L. 27", terra cotta with red-orange glazing. This version of his largest sculpture was the last piece made before his death. *Museum of Art of Ogunquit, Maine.*



Mandrill, 1930, H. 20½". An example of a large figure built up by hand of clay cylinders and coils, unglazed. *Mr. and Mrs. Hughes Mearns, Bearsville, N. Y.*

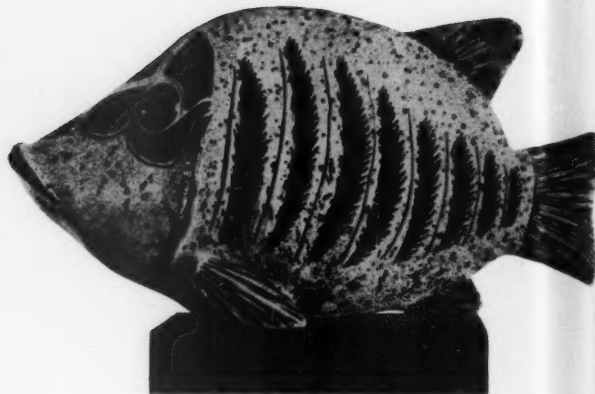
America had fostered a few animal sculptors before Walters' time, but the majority, like Frederic Remington, belonged to the realistic camp. Walters, on the other hand, allied himself with the progressive side of contemporary art. In style, his sculpture is not literally descriptive, and his rich, bright colors have little to do with the actual hues of his subject. Like Matisse, he loved a decorative pattern for its own sake, and like that Frenchman, he presented an art of buoyant optimism. Franz Marc might come to mind at this point, too, because he, like Walters, retreated from the complications of the human world into a placid realm populated by innocent animals. But Marc's melancholy horses and deer lack the confident, personal humor of the American.

Along with his modern contemporaries, Walters turned to ancient, and sometimes primitive, art for inspiration. As we have seen, he held the Egyptians in high esteem. The art of the Near East, too, attracted him. Indeed, as the contents of his library indicate, he wished to understand every culture that produced a high degree of excellence in ceramics. His work may be compared to Chinese tomb figures of the Han and T'ang Dynasties, to the pre-Columbian art of Mexico, or to the animals made by nineteenth-century Pennsylvania Dutch potters. What the work of these civilizations had in common, at least in their animal products, was an immediacy of meaning and a naturalness in the manipulation of clay. Both of these qualities appealed to Walters, and this fact, in turn, makes it difficult to assign his sculpture to a single "style." At one time he would adopt aspects of seventeenth-century Delftware, or at another the manner of Minoan pottery or of Chinese ceramics. But he was never the eclectic who rolled these styles into one ball. Rather, he admired the men who comprehended their medium fully, regardless of when and where they lived.

In our century — one of war and despair — Walters made an array of figures that were confident and unspoiled. For his animals, he relied on the lively gesture, the gentle torsion, and the over-all stance to communicate; textural copying and literal details were unnecessary in conveying the inner life of these creatures. Instead, the surface was made into an abstract pattern that usually covered the entire piece. Feathers, scales and fur, were transformed into rosettes, hatching or stripes. He never forgot that these pieces were *decorated clay*, and



Ella, 1927, H. 16 $\frac{3}{4}$ ". This circus fat lady in a flesh-colored glaze is the best known among Walters' few human figures. *Museum of Modern Art, New York.*



Reef Fish, 1953, L. 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ ". A late work with black decoration on a cream body. *Museum of Art of Ogunquit, Maine.*

Seal, 1931, H. 13". This blue-and-green glazed seal is reminiscent of a Chinese ceramic animal. *Museum of Art of Ogunquit, Maine.*



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that this art could never be a reproduction of nature. And he was aware that pottery does not honestly permit precise modeling of small details.

Walters preferred not to use a specific model for his animal sculpture. The *Cat in Tall Grass* inspired by a pet of his called the Old Lady, personifies the feline class — and not any particular member of it. Walters explained: "I start with a clear mental conception and begin at once to realize it in clay. I am not interested in literal representations."

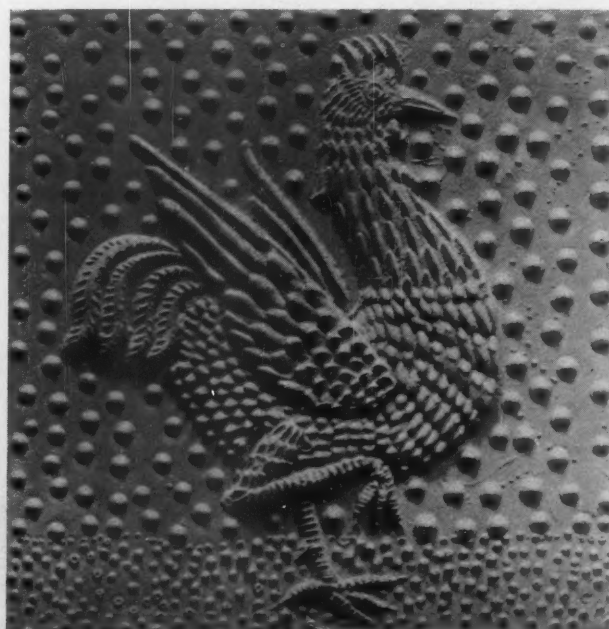
His largest piece has a curious visage. It takes little imagination to discern a human head emerging from the curly locks of the *Lion*. This half-animal and half-human sculpture, vaguely reminiscent of the Great Sphinx at Giza, sums up Walters' whole attitude in its title: "Portrait of the Artist as a Lion Dormant." In effect, it confirms the wide range of human feeling infused into these animals by their maker.

On the few occasions when Walters turned to the human being as a subject, he preferred circus performers. Best known is *Ella*, the fat lady, whose ample proportions threaten the thin metal stool that supports her. In the same class is the *Snake Charmer*, a nude figure whose overtones of melancholy make a strange contrast to the gay animals of this period. But perhaps overlapping both areas is the small figure titled *Before Adam*, an imaginary creature of the twilight realm between man and beast.

The mechanical side of Walters' production is quite ordinary. The clay was formed by his hands or by a mould; it was fired to give it permanence, and it was usually glazed in order to add a colored and non-porous surface to the piece. Pottery of this

type had been made by the same method in Egypt in 3500 B.C. However, Walters used these traditional methods with such ease and imagination that we are tempted to look — in vain — for some technical trick in his work. Fifteen years after his introduction to the craft, in 1935, this self-taught ceramist authored two technical articles on the subject for the *Magazine of Art*. In these he gives the reader some insight into his methods. Emphasis was placed on the correct composition of the clay, which he preferred to mix from available ingredients rather than obtaining it from local deposits. When this material had the correct balance between plasticity and porosity it was given shape in three different ways: modelling by hand, by turning on the potter's wheel, and by moulds cast from an original piece, which could be used to reproduce the work a second or third time. The last-mentioned method was favored by the artist because the original would not be risked to the fire. And by this device he could turn out more than one version of the same piece. Every product from the same mould, however, was a completely new entity because the glazes and colors were different in each case and because the final details were inevitably added to the clay body by hand.

After the piece was shaped and almost dry, it was baked in order to give it permanence. For this Walters used three types of kiln, beginning with the outdoor wood-burning variety like that used by the earliest potters. Later he employed the kerosene-burning furnace, but because of its greater manageability he finally preferred the electric kiln. The first, or "biscuit," firing of Walters' earthenware lasted for about five hours [continued on page 64]



Plaster panel cast by Walters from one of sixty moulds used for the Whitney Museum's glass doors (1930-31). Estate of Carl Walters.



# Embroidery as Art

BY MARGUERITE ZORACH

EMBROIDERY has always been an absorbing craft to most women and some men. The impulse to decorate was one of the earliest interests of mankind and has always been channeled into the fields of carving, painting, weaving and embroidery. As a craft embroidery may pass out of people's lives with this age — at least temporarily. Women seem to find television and labor-saving devices time consuming, and cosmetics something to satisfy their decorative instincts.

In the Victorian age almost every woman did needlework — either for sheer craftsmanship or for the satisfaction of keeping busy — or as an expression of that deep creative urge that exists in certain individuals and finds an outlet through whatever medium is most available.

From the days when men hunted and fought and women kept the home, needlework and weaving was done by women. It is work that can be picked up

and put down because the creative image and pattern exists in the artist's brain and must be built up little by little, in actual work. It is not dependent upon consecutive time which is always more of a problem for women than for men. It is something to be dreamed over at night and during the mechanical work of the day and is ready and waiting to find its form and color when the moments of leisure can be wrested from the busy day.

Most needlework has been decoration and only odd pieces here and there creative. In the beginning weaving was creative; the Peruvian textiles and the great Coptic weavings are both true art as well as decoration. But after that tapestry became less and less the creative concern of the weaver. The crewel work in eighteenth-century England was a truly creative expression and has left us a wealth of pictures in needlework; art — not just historical documents — which is the usual evaluation. In America needle-

TAPESTRY BY MARGUERITE ZORACH: *The Family Supper* (Zorach family), 1922. *Mr. and Mrs. Lathrop Brown, Big Sur, Calif.*



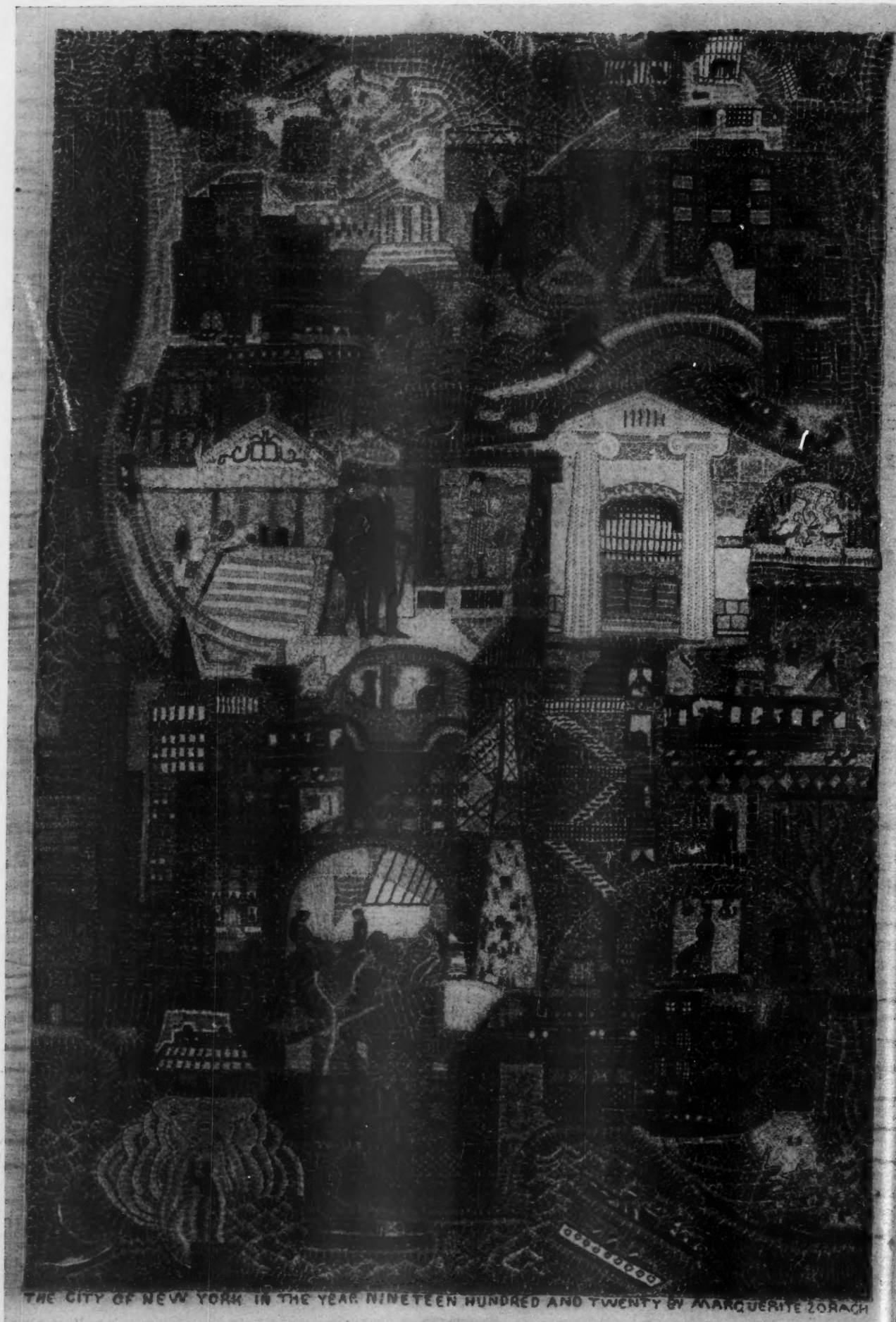


TAPESTRY BY MARGUERITE ZORACH: *The Rockefeller Family at Seal Harbor, 1929-32. Nelson Rockefeller, New York.*



TAPESTRY BY MARGUERITE ZORACH: *The Circus, 1927. Judge Irwin Untermyer, New York.*





**TAPESTRY BY MARQUERITE ZORACH: New York City, 1920. Mr. and Mrs. Lathrop Brown, Big Sur, Calif.**

work found simpler, more naive forms and often most charming ones. I have a delightful sampler of farm life done in exquisite stitches and colors; not a set pattern but a young girl's picture of life about her. This is rare. I also have a spotted dog in a landscape done by some unknown artist out of love and appreciation of that one dog. I am not interested in skill or technique or even beautiful execution. I am interested in the art quality that has found expression in this fascinating medium. We find more of this art quality — this element of life — in the simpler, less learned approach in American embroidery than in the more sophisticated forms of Europe.

Embroideries have been written about historically so many times that I would not wish to add my word here. I want to write about embroideries as art — as painting and sculpture and tapestries are art — and even then I do not wish to go back into the past; rather to write of my own embroidered tapestries which are an art expression unique with me and not like anything done before.

They are related in spirit to the early art embroideries of America. But these were the expression of un-art-conscious people. Mine is the art expression of a developed artist, aware of and using the abstract qualities and new freedoms of this modern age in art; simple but not naive, possessing certain inherent art qualities in great intensity and lacking others as do all artists. In this medium, not used by artists, I found a peculiarly sympathetic form of expression, one that met my needs and utilized my talents and made all things possible. My greatest ability lies, I think, in awareness and use of relationships of form with vision and imagination. I have no peculiarly personal sense of color. I feel complete freedom to take any liberties with form and space — I do not have that freedom in color.

You may find the complication of my work overpowering; it is never too much for me. I want it that way. It is my pleasure and excitement to fill every space with interest and intricate interweaving of design. Without this interest I would never do embroideries. They are like symphonies that move and develop and change and contain a lifetime of growth, of power, and tenderness; of sharp contrasts and delicate nuances. They are creations that satisfy the artist's desire and there is in the physical work that same fascination that keeps a sculptor chipping away stone until the form stands revealed.

Although a creator of embroidered tapestries I



EMBROIDERED BEDSPREAD BY MARCQUERITE ZORACH, 1929. Formerly collection of Mrs. Alma Wertheim.

never learned to embroider. No one could have made me, even as a child, suffer through following a stamped pattern stretched over an embroidery hoop. But in 1912, when I returned from Paris full of enthusiasm over the world of lively color the Fauves had discovered, paint seemed dull and inadequate to me. The wealth of beautiful and brilliant colors available in woolen yarns so fascinated me that I tried to paint my pictures in wool. That is what my first embroideries were, pictures in wool. But almost immediately they became divorced from the painting viewpoint and developed life and form in their own medium. Yet were I not a painter my embroideries would never be what they are or have the stature they possess.

When I first exhibited embroideries back in 1917 there was nothing like them in the art world. People were fascinated and overwhelmed me with enthusiasm, and they were willing to pay high prices for them. The critics were equally enthusiastic. Everything has its day. I do not think if I exhibited them today they would create the same reaction, even in those who had [continued on page 66]



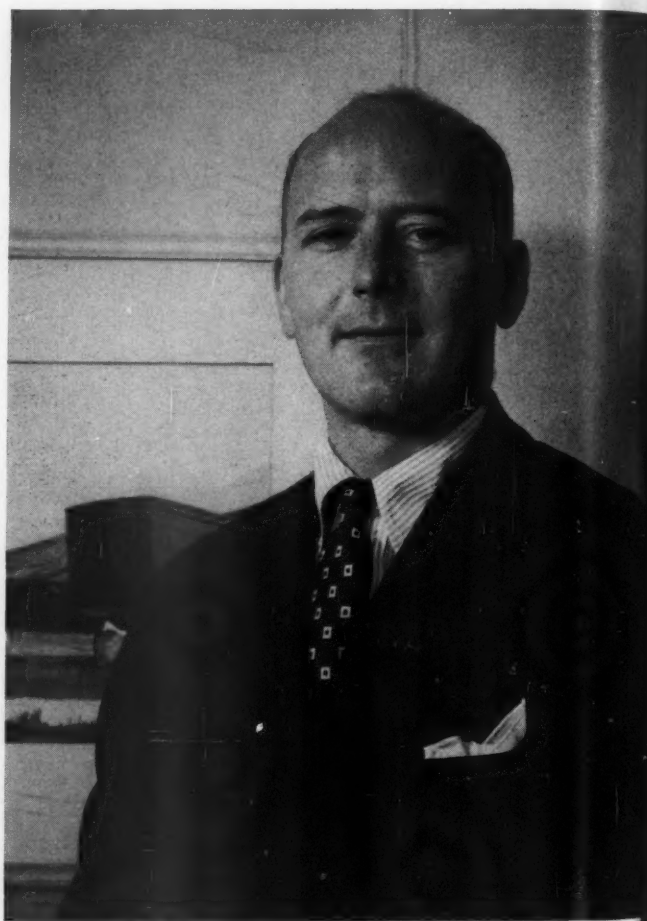
# MUSEUM TRENDS

## *Cooperation with the Young Collector*

BY C. C. CUNNINGHAM

IN THESE DAYS of the automobile, the airplane, television and atomic power, there seems to be less leisure time than was enjoyed by our ancestors, despite the hundreds of time-saving devices which we produce. This is due in part to the faster pace at which we work and play, and in part to the remarkable variety of entertainment and pastimes which occupy our leisure time. Art which interests an estimated thirty million people probably comes in for its fair share of attention, even though the museums and art galleries wish that it could be doubled. The tremendous growth of art museums in the last twenty-five years and the establishment of community art centers and societies has brought art within the reach of the average man in his home town. Although it is still necessary to travel to metropolitan centers to see the great art of the past, the work of our native artists can be usually seen close at hand. Another factor which has helped enormously to bring art into the American home is the greatly increased coverage given to art by national magazines. The current enthusiasm for art has naturally resulted in many people purchasing art of different kinds, but the puzzling question is "Why are there so few collectors?" Family budgets are planned to take care of food, clothing, rent, household furnishings, education and transportation and what is left over from taxes goes into entertainment, holidays and other pastimes. On the other hand, there are many ways of slicing a budget. To those of us who live with works of art, it is frequently appalling to see someone spend large sums furnishing a room, and then place miserable specimens of art on their walls. With the modest prices at which contemporary art can be bought, especially those works in the graphic mediums, art is within the reach of those with very limited incomes.

When does a person become an art collector? The answer is not simple, because some collectors own large numbers of works of art, and some very few. A person who buys a work of art for a particular



place in his home is not a collector, unless he changes it from time to time. A real collector is one who buys something because he feels he cannot live without it, and he doesn't worry about where he will place it. In a sense, everyone is a collector, whether it be neckties, hats, coins, sea shells, picture post-cards, or art. The field is limitless, but for those who choose art, the rewards are probably the greatest, even though the road to success may be the hardest. Enjoyment of the arts requires not only knowledge, but time, time to become intimately acquainted with the great variety of expression which comprises the art of various epochs. Museums in America maintain an active educational program to assist the beginner, and of course college art

departments have grown with amazing rapidity. Books and photographs are naturally invaluable, but there are no "museums without walls," and there is no substitute for direct communication with works of art.

The areas of collecting art are vast, and for our purposes, we shall confine ourselves to painting, sculpture and the graphic arts. The decorative arts, such as furniture, silver, pottery, textiles offer an equally wide scope and are an equally fascinating field for collecting, but space here is limited. Museums are vitally interested in the development of collections in their neighborhood, for it is upon these that much of their future growth depends. Where would the Metropolitan Museum of Art be without such collectors as Havemeyer, Altman, Morgan and Bache; Chicago without its Ryerson, Coburn, Birch Bartlett and Buckinghams; or Boston without its Ross, Bigelow or Spaulding, to say nothing of our National Gallery of Art were it not for its Mellon, Kress or Widener. The great museums with few exceptions are what they are today because of great collectors. The future growth of our museums will depend upon their collector patrons even though the lack of great fortunes and the scarcity of important works of art prevents accumulation comparable to the magnificent collections of the past. Most museums have their own purchase funds, but even the greatest are limited to a degree, and therefore museum purchases must be held to only the most significant works of art. Thus a collector who indicates his intention of giving or bequeathing his collection to a museum, is performing a notable service because the museum can then conserve its funds and avoid duplication.

How does the young collector get started? There are many ways, but consultation with the staff of the local museum may help to clear the way. Staffs are not only ready and willing to assist, but are vitally interested. If a person is an enthusiast of yachting or boats, he may start with a Pocock print and end up with a Winslow Homer or a Lyonel Feininger. A horse lover might begin with a Herring, and find his way to Gericault. In starting with a specific interest, a collector as he matures will find that the artistic qualities in a work of art have greater appeal than the subject matter. Even the lady who matches the sofa covers or curtains may end up by discovering that a fine painting holds its own in any environment. Most people buy works of art because of their artistic appeal and because of the enjoyment they

anticipate that they will have in living with them. A great majority of the collectors start to collect by chance. They see a work which they like and want to buy, or perhaps a friend is an artist, a collector, or someone in the profession. Once infected, it is hard to get over the disease.

The problem of *where* to buy is not so difficult. A good start may be made in the local museum or art society. Many exhibitions of old masters, especially those organized by our larger museums, if they contain loans from dealers, are apt to contain paintings beyond the range of the young collector. The fault is not the museum's because they must appeal to the larger audience. Most museums have as part of their regular program, exhibitions of contemporary art where the young collector is offered the opportunity to judge a work in the company of others and to study it at length. He also has the assurance that it was chosen for its quality either by the staff of the museum, by the organizing institution, or by a competent jury. By purchasing at the museum, the buyer has the opportunity to sharpen his standards of quality by comparing his intended purchase with the permanent collection of the museum. Many museums go further than their exhibition program to induce new collectors to buy. The Museum of Modern Art's Picture-Rental Gallery has been most successful. A person may borrow a picture for three months by paying ten per cent of the value of the painting per month. If the picture is kept, the rental fee is applied towards the purchase price. The Walker Art Institute, Minneapolis, the Dayton Art Institute, and many other museums have similar programs. Another promotional effort to encourage the purchase of local art is the Cleveland Museum of Art's "May Show." Here local artists and craftsmen furnish the material and sales now reach the phenomenal total of about \$30,000. The Art Institute of Chicago's recent exhibition of "Drawings from 12 Countries" was remarkably successful in sales, as was this year's Museum of Modern Art Show sponsored by their Junior Council, "Recent Drawings, U. S. A." The Wadsworth Atheneum, Hartford has a small gallery called "the Collector's Gallery" in which paintings, drawings, prints and other works of art are offered for sale. The Gallery is in charge of the Women's Committee and about every two months three members of the Committee accompany the Curator or the Director to New York to make a selection from the stock of New York [continued on page 67]



# GALLERY NOTES

BY DOROTHY GEES SECKLER

## ***The Crisis in Art Criticism***

### ***The Dealer's Complaint***

CRITICISM, as a profession with an established background and influence, scarcely exists in this country today. The astonishing fact is that as art interest has grown, as the prestige of our art has increased abroad, our newspapers and periodicals have steadily reduced their coverage of exhibitions and employment of critics. One need not think in terms of millions or identify museum attendance with serious art interest, to admit that there is a considerably expanded and also a new art audience here. This audience is largely reached by publications that present art works as news or visual spectacles. It is only partially reached by publications whose responsibility is to interpret paintings, sculpture and architecture in the light of broadest human endeavor and to define their place in the continuity of tradition.

In this situation the frictions between dealer and critic, critic and public, multiply. The reduced, fluctuating and circumscribed ranks of reviewers address themselves to a constantly narrowing and more specialized group. To fill the vacuum left between artist and public, museum experts on the one hand, journalists on the other, are increasingly called on for public information and the vicious circle continues on its own momentum.

The dealer complains both of the quantity and the quality of reviews. Assured of two reviews only, one each from the art monthlies *Arts* and *Art News*, he is indeed at a disadvantage when compared to a Paris dealer who can count on about twenty-five or the London dealer whose shows are discussed by staff critics in a half dozen weeklies as well as a number of leading daily newspapers, some outside of London.

The New York art dealer is hopeful that his artists' work will rate at least a line or so in one of the two daily newspapers that cover exhibitions. He is resigned to the fact that only occasionally will an exhibition be discussed on the art page of the Sunday edition of the *New York Times* or *Herald Tribune*, even more rarely in the columns of the *New Yorker* (although it may be listed with capsule comment) or the *Nation*. In the summer even this meager coverage almost disappears, so that he has no way of reaching the visitors who flock into New York on summer vacations. With most avenues of publicity closed, the majority of dealers lock up their galleries for several months.

The scarcity of reviews makes the dealer all the more sensitive to the quality of reviews. He protests that the reviewer is incompetent and immature and can cite dozens of instances to prove it. Each has a favorite story of a reviewer who could not distinguish between casein and gouache, etching and lithograph or Bosch and Breugel. The prize instance is usually the reviewer who failed to turn around a picture which had been left upside down. The dealer often points beyond his own misgivings to those of the more vocal members of the public. Published, often in the offending maga-

zine, are letters from those who complain that it is impossible to understand the critic — he has used a jargon, has neglected to describe the subject and has misinterpreted the artist's intentions (this usually from a close friend of the artist). The intelligent dealer, who knows that the meaning of a picture cannot be conveyed with the same simplicity and concreteness as an automobile's operation, shares the disgruntlement of the layman for a different reason: whereas he is concerned with a painting or sculpture primarily as a commodity to be described and appraised, the reviewer may respond to an art object as embodying a state of mind or feeling, one for which he will logically try to find a literary equivalent.

Another major source of irritation to the dealer has been the practise of reviewing shows far in advance of their opening date (until recently as much as six weeks). Because of this speed-up, an accommodation to the publication and distribution schedules of the monthlies, work often has to be seen not only without its proper hanging and lighting but also when the exhibition is still incomplete. The alternative to this abortive showing at the gallery, the studio review, has equally bad consequences. In the face of protests, the monthly magazines have made an effort to reduce the span between review and show by a week or so, but the advance schedule remains a sore spot, as vexatious to the reviewer as to the dealer and artist.

### ***Critic Without a Profession***

BETWEEN TWENTY AND THIRTY CRITICS are working in New York (possibly up to forty in the whole country); of these only about a half dozen are employed on a salaried basis. For the rest, reviewing is a marginal activity for which they can be paid as little as four or five dollars a review and which requires them to burn much "midnight oil" during the week-to-ten-days before deadlines into which work is compressed. With the narrowing of art coverage in the past decades — the folding of newspapers and elimination of art space in others — these reviewers have become literally people without a profession.

Today the critic is prepared by no formal training for the task of interpreting and writing about art. Courses in the institutions devoted to art history, logically the source of such training, are geared to the needs of highly specialized museum fields. The concentration on stylistic refinements, the meticulous detective work in the archives, is apt to stop short of the twentieth century. Essential as it is to scholarship in other fields, this research is not immediately helpful in dealing with contemporaries where new formal problems are posed and where the resources of psychology, philosophy and the expres-

sions of primitive peoples must be added to those of tradition.

The magazine editor, his budget conditioned by a trickle of advertising, is more apt to look for a reviewer among the younger writers, even though he knows that the writer's facility with words may be outweighed by a limited response to the object in visual terms as well as by a spotty acquaintance with historical styles. From whichever field he draws, art history or journalism, he must be prepared to do a good deal of on-the-spot training.

In the past certain critics of broad cultural background have, in fact, been able to profit from this kind of training in the field, especially when they are addressing an audience of similar background. This is hardly the case today. If the reviewer were able to speak consistently to an audience comparable to that of the *Saturday Review of Literature* or the *Sunday Times*, he would feel the challenge of an informed but less specialized audience. As it is, the pages of these and similar publications are increasingly given over to museum curators and directors. Today we get a large part of our evaluations of art books as well as art objects from a small group of leaders in the museum world.

## The Changing Public

IN THE OLD DAYS of the *New York Sun*, Henry McBride interpreted art to an audience with some interest in connoisseurship and probably the kind of education that would take into account the role of the critic. The emerging art audience, less centered about wealth and less familiar with the tradition of criticism, is apt to exclude him as the unnecessary middleman. The impulse of many new museum visitors is to get their art interpretation from "the horse's mouth," from the artist himself, or from the museum expert.

A newspaper or magazine publisher, whose meager revenues from art advertising, make it impossible to hire a staff critic, tends to accommodate this new temper of the public. He may excuse the practise of turning over his pages to museum spokesmen by pointing to their indisputable competence and authority as compared to the reviewer. He thus simply confirms the vicious circle. Lacking access to the broader audience, reviewing as a fringe and fluctuating activity, how is the critic to attain his potential scope and maturity? Also the objection to the museum staff doubling as critic is simply that he is an interested, not an impartial party.

The dealers, frustrated by what they regard as an increasing overspecialization of the critic, have not yet faced the difficulties of the situation that circumscribes him, or the need for their support in changing it. The problem of obtaining financial support for a broader coverage is complicated by the great differences in the incomes of various galleries. Certainly many of the smaller galleries and the cooperatives are unable to provide the kind of advertising revenues that are needed to pay critics' salaries. On the other hand, dealers who have changed the appearance and operation of their galleries from leisure-class ateliers to showrooms that invite a larger public, have not yet adjusted their perspectives for reaching that public.

The critic is disappearing. "Hurrah," say some, "look how often the critic was wrong." True enough. The difficulty of this position is that it offers no constructive alternative. We will not risk discussion of art works, this argument implies, since discussion may lead to wrong conclusions. The attempt to place the artist's work against the background of ideas and

sensibility in his own and other times — something that the artist, himself cannot do — is abandoned because the judgement may be fallible. But a critic's value is not solely in his box-score hits. His value is often in an ability to bring into sharp focus what was vaguely sensed in underlying attitudes. Thus one often learns from a critic with whom one disagrees. This fear of being wrong exposes us to the greater risk of an increasing dulling of sensibility.

The real danger of this situation is not mainly to a handful of critics or to a hundred or so dealers; not even to the artists estranged from their proper audience. It is eventually to all of us. We are in danger of becoming a nation of ignoramuses when our arts can be presented only in terms of sensation and publicity on the one hand, or formal and cultish preoccupations on the other.

The responsibility for opening up new channels for a broadened criticism and new opportunities for the critic is shared by dealers, publishers, artists and the public itself.

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## Reuben Moulthrop continued from page 11

lies, evenly, from bridge to end, between straight, parallel lines, James Reynolds' face, seen from almost the same point of view, and lighted from the same direction, as that of Mrs. Street, both looking, not at the spectator, but to one side, are so nearly identical in form and conception, that no doubt could exist that one hand had been responsible for both. Again, looking back in the other direction, one sees on the head of Lorinda Hathaway, much the same kind of thick, radiating, fur-like hair, as that which adorns the head of James Reynolds.

The resemblances in the treatment of the features, are, however, less striking than the almost identical expressions which animate the faces in most of Moulthrop's early portraits, including that of Hannah Street, daughter of the Congregational minister, who was to become the artist's wife, shown in the only miniature by Moulthrop which has, so far, been found. The look of startled and dazed astonishment (bordering on inspired dementia in Lorinda Hathaway) which holds together the characterizations of his first subjects, is as peculiar to him in this phase, as is the penetrating, almost sinister stare which arrests the attention in some of his later portraits.

The dating of this opening span of paintings, covering an astonishingly short period of time, can be explained as follows, if the arguments contained in this article are correct. As the definite manner of treating arms and hands, and the use of roses and lace, seen in the retraced outlines of the portrait of Mrs. Mix, are not found in that of Lorinda Hathaway, dated by her marriage, November, 1788, one concludes that Moulthrop's completion of the Mixes, shown by the note-book in John Mix's hand, to have been in 1788, must, more specifically, have occurred later in November, or in December of that year. The likeness of Mrs. Reynolds, prominently setting forth the borrowed elements of the Mixes, was doubtless painted, as was its companion piece, early in 1789, while Mrs. Street, showing similar features derived from the same portraits, can safely be given the date indicated by the inscription on the strainer of her husband's canvas, — also 1789. The portrait of the Reverend Nicholas Street, with no reminiscences of John or Ruth Mix, is similar in conception to Chandler's *The Reverend Ebenezer Devotion*. It is, however, in a state of minor transition of its own, and suggests, in its strange half-smile, and homely monumentality, the attributes of Moulthrop's mature style.



*James Hamilton* continued from page 17

the lightnings around Vesuvius increase in their vivid and scorching glare. Nor was their horrible beauty confined to the usual hues of fire; no rainbow ever rivalled their varying and prodigal dyes." What an opportunity for an artist of Hamilton's brilliance and virtuosity. His imagination, palette and technical ability were equal to the challenge, and in addition he avoided all the stilted and pompous attitudes of the novel and developed the theme with greater force. Furthermore, the result is not illustration but a subject deeply felt and vividly realized, complete in itself. One does not need to know that the couple embracing at the foot of the great column are the lovers Glaucus and Ione ("who lay trembling and exhausted on his bosom."), it is enough to know that they are unfortunates caught in a great catastrophe. Today the scene of an atomic explosion might not be too different, and certainly Hamilton would be the one to paint it.

*Foundering*, the other work by James Hamilton just purchased by the Brooklyn Museum, was painted in 1863. No doubt these pictures were intended as a pair as they are approximately the same size, both were owned by Mr. B. H. Moore, both were exhibited at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in 1864 and both rely for effect on the same bold central design.

Another work, *The Last of the Wreck*, was acquired by James McCutcheon, a friend and neighbor of Hamilton, and is still owned by the family. It was exhibited at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in 1864, the same year *Foundering* and *The Last Days of Pompeii* were shown. Painted in the same year as *Foundering*, it has many of the same qualities though much of its dramatic effect is obscured by discolored varnish. The same owner also possesses four other works, including *Egyptian Ruins — Sunset* and an untitled work showing a steamship going into the sunset.

No longer can it be said that Winslow Homer was the first American painter to paint the sea with vigorous realism. Two hundred and twenty-six paintings by Hamilton are listed in the *Cumulative Record of Exhibition Catalogues, Pennsylvania Academy* by Anna Wells Rutledge, published in 1955, and it is to be hoped that many still survive, as Hamilton grows in stature with each picture that comes to light. Different from the very romantic Thomas Birch who preceded him and equally unlike the restrained and meticulous Hudson River artists of his day, J. F. Kensett and W. T. Richards, Hamilton's bold and direct expression of his own searching observations stands alone.

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*The Eight* continued from page 22

cumbed to a saccharine formula derived from Renoir that in time approached commercial magazine illustration.

Something of the same pattern may be discerned in the evolution of Shinn's art. He submitted to European modes of the past, applying them in a lively if somewhat derivative fashion to the American reality. Degas was his greatest inspiration, and like the French master, Shinn found his most sympathetic subject matter in the theater's world of illusion, and in its surroundings. He showed performers caught in a moment of action under the lights, or fashionable theater-goers descending from their carriages beside a bright marquee, often with an ashean or disheveled-looking passers-by in the background. His themes seemed to exhaust themselves with repe-

tition, and in later years he devoted himself doggedly to re-creating his early subjects in pastel. These sadly lacked fresh observation and were little better than pedestrian illustration.

Shinn was the "dandy" of the realists, with many friends in the theater and in society. Perhaps it was his taste for luxury in conjunction with the realism of his art that attracted Theodore Dreiser to him, for he was said to be the model for the painter Eugene Witla in Dreiser's novel about a realist artist, *The Genius*. In that novel the painter is remarkable, but still credible, as he fulfills both his artistic ambition to create truthful images of the world about him, and his vainest dreams of power in the commercial world, as a celebrated publishing potentate. Witla is finally corrupted by power and all but destroyed by the ruthless commercial world. After a number of bitter experiences, he recovers his first moment of truth by returning successfully to painting, producing works that seem to shout: "I'm dirty, I'm commonplace, I am grim, I am shabby, but I am life." Dreiser's novel interests us now not so much for its inexorable demonstration of the destructiveness of the American success-worship but because he could conceive of an artist equally comfortable and equally effective in the studio and at the reins of a powerful business establishment. Eugene Witla embodies a certain romanticism about the possible social role of the artist which in an oblique way must explain the realist painters' failure to reach more radical pictorial solutions. With so much of their artistic personalities absorbed by life, they were unable to proceed to a serious investigation of the more demanding formal problems of art.

Famous for his tall tales and bombast, George Luks was the most colorful figure among the new realists, and perhaps best projected the boyish romanticism of the Roosevelt era. He was trained in Düsseldorf where he joined the cult of the slashing brush, studied at the Pennsylvania Academy, served as a war correspondent in Cuba and did a prodigious amount of newspaper illustration before his paintings began to sell. Technically, Luks, like Henri, found his inspiration in the direct painting tradition of Manet, Hals, and Velasquez. Hals' earthy themes, good humor and animal spirits especially appealed to the artist, but he applied Hals to the American scene with a curiously anachronistic effect. For despite the Dutch master's sympathies for common people, his art always retains the stamp of aristocratic style. When Hals was circumspect or impressionistic to a degree in his handling and registered his subjects broadly as merry types, he was expressing the prerogative of his patron class. He was responsible to the ruling burghers of Holland and reproduced, in a sense, their pleasure in the spectacle of common life. His art implies an hieratic social order, and his more raffish tavern scenes, like Shakespeare's low-comedy incident, are designed as relief to the procession of upper-class life. Life presented itself to Luks, on the other hand, in less schematized fashion, and he necessarily identified himself with his subjects in a more democratic spirit. Luks painted grinning, dirty street gamins, athletes in violent action, scenes of the Gansevoort Docks in winter, or drew on his childhood in the Pennsylvania mining country for subject matter. In the circumstances of contemporary painting, this work achieved a fresh impact; yet, like Henri's, his rather dashing style always seemed superimposed on its content and was never free of the flavor of *ersatz*.

In the search for viable styles, the realists had little enough in their own past to consult. Even those artists whom they

had come to recognize for their distinct American qualities were of no immediate use to them. The tradition of popular illustration and genre painting, given a variety of individual inflections by Bingham, Mount and Homer, was hopelessly dated; Eakins' realism with its passionate scientific concern for form seemed pedantic, and the crude artisanship and contemplative strain of Ryder's painting scarcely suited the new age of energy. Drawing on the European past, instead, Luks, Henri and other realists apparently fixed on painting manners of maximum informality to convey in the most direct, elementary way their joy in common, everyday reality. Yet they strained, too, for the authority of style, in some hallowed European sense. Despite their insistent talk that art should be informal, democratic and viable in human terms, they were extremely conscious of their artistic posture, and perhaps unwittingly invested their ideal of the artist with attributes of the "Superman." Henri spoke of the vocation of art as fit only for "commanding" and "energetic" personalities; Luks was a supreme egoist. Such behavior was perhaps a backhanded admission of the high seriousness of the life of art, of what Henry James called its "sacred office." While the emulation of obsolete European styles was a move in the direction of re-educating and internationalizing American painting, the realists were unable to square life and art, and wished for the best of both possible worlds. With the sublime arrogance of the provincial, Luks characteristically begged the issue, admitting his parenthood in European tradition and in the same breath denying any artistic authority or esthetic values. "The world has but two artists," he would boast, "Frans Hals and little old George Luks." And he would fume when people spoke of painting as an end in itself: "Art — my slats! Guts! Guts! Life! Life! I can paint with a shoestring dipped in pitch and lard."

Of all the artists who felt Henri's influence, Sloan was on the most intimate personal terms and perhaps owed most to the older artist. He began to paint seriously in 1897 when he shared a studio with Henri; later he followed Henri to New York and acquired most of his education in modern art through him. Until Henri had introduced him to Forain, Daumier and Goya, Sloan had been doing intricate illustration inspired by the decorative style of the *Art Nouveau*. From these new and more vital esthetic hints, and from Henri's own "dark Impressionism," Sloan evolved the pictorial formula of his realism. It mixed elements of illustration and caricature with a sensitive feeling for paint quality. Like that of so many of the other newspaper-trained artists, his work combines a curious mixture of hackwork and sensibility.

Sloan came to New York permanently in 1904, continuing his career as illustrator for magazines and newspapers but finding more time to paint. He had begun to establish his link with the new American realists as early as 1900 with paintings of Philadelphia city life. These still retained a certain nineteenth century flavor of picturesque genre, however, and only after 1904 did he begin systematically to observe the life of the streets, in New York, from a fresh and less sentimental point of view, seeking a more robust, meaningful realism. A tireless stroller and "incorrigible window watcher," in his own words, Sloan came to see the New York slums as a kind of stage set where all sorts of lively, unexpected business was in progress; and he became indefatigable in his search for human drama, recording little vignettes of urban life in a diary as well as in his paintings. The Lower East Side, the West Side below Fourteenth Street,

the Bowery, which he described as "a maze of living incident," were some of his favorite haunts. The fact that he found vitality and human interest in the seamier pockets of the big city was quite in tune with the spirit of the new realism, as was his tendency to give human squalor the touch of romance.

Dreiser's novels, Crane's New York sketches and Sloan's city paintings are of a period, and all have about them the atmosphere of the American dream. They express a wish for some larger individual fulfillment, for a more splendid existence than the crushing real world offers. Like these writers, Dreiser in his ponderous, labored technique, and Crane in his patently artificial reproductions of lower class speech, Sloan reveals the strains of forging a romantic idiom around the recalcitrant materials of the new naturalism. He was not sufficiently sophisticated or detached to be able to subdue the grosser aspects of experience within a framework of esthetic hedonism, as the Continental realists Degas and Lautrec had done. His message was that of a wayward, romantic sensibility; if he was to fail ultimately at fitting life into a substantial artistic system, Sloan seems to have decided, then he would remove his art to a different atmosphere altogether. This he did by means of a certain richness of chiaroscuro and the suggestive play of his lighting.

A nocturnal scene like *The Haymarket*, 1907, achieves a mystery which blurs and enlarges its literal meaning as a transcription of fact. In one of the city's disreputable districts, three dressy ladies emerge from a rich, mahogany darkness into the luminous doorway of a rooming house, under the appreciative eye of a sidewalk lothario; to one side a child rolls a hoop; a mother, carrying wash, tries to distract her little daughter from taking an interest in the scene. One is reminded that Sloan on one of his many walks noted a street-walker gaudily arrayed in a great plumed hat that made her look like "some wild creature of the night"; and one remembers that Daumier's treatment of lower-class life was also compounded of sentimentalism, energy and mystery. Even in daylight Sloan preferred grey weather as a shield against a too stark and bald reality. *The Wake of the Ferry* (1907), painted on such a day, merely frames a blank expanse of gleaming water against the dark silhouettes of boat struts, gate and a huddled figure. The rich shadows and the scintillation of light create an intense, lyric impression. J. B. Yeats, the father of the poet William Butler Yeats and an intimate of Sloan, liked to speak of the artist's "mountain gloom." One could "never be tired of peering into that gloom," he wrote in *Harper's Weekly* of Sloan's painting, *McSorley's Back Room*. Sloan's darkling romanticism brings "The Brown Decades" full circle; when in later years, he pursued a more brilliant, objective color scheme in the effort to meet the challenge of the School of Paris and of an "ultra-modernism" that bewildered him, his art lost all its savor.

The realist group's new departures in mood, subject matter and social attitude, if not in technique, very soon aroused the open hostility of the official art world. The challenge of Henri, Luks, Sloan, Glackens and Shinn to contemporary authority was met by increasing rejections of their work by the juries of the Pennsylvania and National Academies and the Society of American Artists. Suppression by these institutions was tantamount to being denied a public hearing since private art galleries, and hence alternative exhibiting opportunities for the artist as we now know them, were virtually non-existent. When in 1907 the jury for the National Academy annual, on which Henri ironically enough served, voted to limit the number of entries by Sloan and reserved



judgment on Henri's work, the two artists withdrew from the exhibition in protest. Glackens, Sloan and Henri laid plans for a counter-exhibition in a private gallery and thus was born the germ of the first "independents" show of the new century.

The exhibition was held at the Macbeth Gallery in New York in 1908. Henri, Sloan, Luks, Glackens and Shinn, the original Philadelphia rebel band, were joined by Maurice Prendergast, Ernest Lawson and Arthur B. Davies; the group became known in the newspapers as the "Eight Independent Painters" or simply "The Eight." Prendergast was an Impressionist who was aware of Cézanne; Lawson also worked in an Impressionist style; and Davies painted allegorical landscape in a dreaming pre-Raphaelite manner. The realists were central to the group, but the other painters, whose work seemed remote from their interests, shared with them a spirit of rebellion against the parochial policies of the academies.

The Eight almost immediately scored not only a success of notoriety but also, to everyone's surprise, most gratifying financial results. In the press their efforts were greeted with the same vindictive glee that the artistic innovations in Europe had aroused, and such epithets were produced, then and subsequently, as "the apostles of ugliness," "the revolutionary gang," and the most popular of all, "the ash-can school." Even the generally sensitive and tolerant critic James Huneker of the *Sun* described their canvases as "darkest Henri." Despite or possibly because of the sniping of journalists, the public's curiosity was aroused, and they came in large numbers. The new insurgent spirit was no longer unsympathetic and, with so much to support it in the atmosphere of political progressivism, encountered less actual resistance than had been anticipated, and less than later writers have been willing to admit. "We've made a success," Sloan wrote in elation after the first sales returns were in, "— Davies says an *epoch*. The sales at the exhibition amount to near \$4000. Macbeth is pleased as 'Punch'!" Even the Pennsylvania Academy jumped on the bandwagon, asking for the show and circulating it to eight cities after the New York exhibition closed. The relatively sympathetic reception of The Eight stands in violent contrast to the derisive unscrupulous attacks made in the press on the more radical European and American moderns whom Alfred Stieglitz was beginning to show that same year.

The amorphous program and heterogeneous styles of The Eight did not promise a long collective life, and the 1908 grouping was never repeated. As James Thrall Soby has noted, it "consisted of artists who, finding themselves more closely allied in friendship than in belief, found their title by the anti-doctrinal expedient of counting noses." Perhaps the most salutary results of their loose association was the revival of a languishing tradition of artistic protest. Organized dissent had died with the decay of the Society of American Artists. Now the insurgents laid plans for bringing new currents of art to the American public. "Eventually the 'men of the rebellion' expect to have a gallery of their own," the *New York Herald Tribune* had already reported in 1907, "where they and those who may be added into them can show two or three hundred works of art. It is likely, too, that they may ask several English artists to send over their paintings from London to be exhibited with the American group. The whole collection may be shown in turn in several large cities in the United States." This statement proved ominously prophetic and actually spelled the decline of realism. It did anticipate the huge "Exhibition of Independent Artists" organized

in 1910 by the original members of The Eight and such camp-followers as George Bellows and Glenn Coleman. But more importantly, it foreshadowed New York's great international show of modernism at the Twenty-Sixth Street Armory in 1913.

With the Armory Show, and with the concurrent exhibitions of European and American modernism that Alfred Stieglitz had begun to stage from 1908, the realism of The Eight was abruptly superseded. Suddenly New York and America were swept by the taste for the experimental and experienced a dramatic reversal in artistic fashions that was world-wide, and impossible for even a stronghold of provincialism to ignore. The relaxed, old-fashioned atmosphere of Pepitas on Twenty-Third Street where Sloan, Henri, J. B. Yeats and other progressive artists had foregathered gave way to a more knowing and perhaps more anxiously *au courant* Greenwich Village Bohemia. Mabel Dodge Luhan, who played hostess to the new writers, artists and evangelists of the New Freedom from her Lower Fifth Avenue salon, announced later, "... it seems as though everywhere, in that year of 1913, barriers went down and people reached each other who had never been in touch before; there were all sorts of new ways to communicate, as well as new communications. The new spirit was abroad and swept us all together." It also gave short shrift to The Eight and to their realism, and somewhat obscured their accomplishment, for they were first to revive an insurgent spirit, to attack ugliness and provincialism, and to venture, albeit timidly and with *démodé* pictorial means, into the international mainstream.

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### *Lyonel Feininger continued from page 27*

objects to the logical end; in the reduction of the picture to rudiments, to essentials, he stopped at the stage of Picasso's 1908 *Landscape with Figures*, which is one of the earliest and "tamest" Cubist creations.

It is instructive to compare even Feininger's least "realistic" renderings of Thuringian or Lower Saxon churches with similar work by Picasso, such as his rather late *View of Paris, with Notre-Dame*. Picasso completely dissolved the actual elements of the scene in the design, whereas Feininger, with all his angular simplifications, retains enough of a reflection of the external world so that a C. D. Friedrich, returned to life, might recognize the vistas by their soaring heights, their gigantic shafts, their ribbed vaultings and flying buttresses. In the 1931 *Jahrbuch der Denkmalpflege in der Provinz Sachsen und in Anhalt* Alois J. Schardt placed the photographs of churches and streets in Halle alongside Feininger's renderings of these to demonstrate how successful he was in "transfiguring" and "de-materializing" (Feininger's terms!) a scene without sacrificing the points of departure. Feininger never followed his associates Klee, Kandinsky, Albers into the realm of complete abstraction.

Certain stylistic similarities between Friedrich and Feininger are too obvious to be overlooked: the neatness, the almost pedantic accuracy of execution, the linear cleanliness of presentation. The compulsive streak, making Friedrich's paintings appear more premeditated, reasoned and arranged than the freer, more spontaneous creations of his Romantic contemporaries in France, is clearly noticeable in Feininger as well, a characteristic so very un-Latin, and so very typically Ger-

man. In fact, Feininger appears to be so Germanic in some aspects that the Germans of 1933, had they not permitted politics to blot out all their good sense, should have tried to "annex" this American as they were soon to annex millions of *Volksdeutsche* in the areas conquered by their military forces. Feininger's transcendental churches are Northern Gothic art translated into the 20th century idiom.

Moreover, there is little in modern art that conjures up the mystery-laden atmosphere of a Northern sea as his pictures of the Baltic, with dense fog flowing around vessels recalling the story of such ominous apparitions as the Flying Dutchman and other spectre-ships (see Feininger's *Steamer Odin*). There is a 1925 jotting that, in a few words, describes unforgettably an experience at Deep, Pomerania, which inspired some of his finest works:

"The magically delicate sickle of the new moon was sailing in the peacockblue evening sky. We rowed out into the sea, a ghostlike fisherman with sails spread was scurrying along under its auxiliary motor. Still further out a black longish something dancing on the water, another rowboat. Violently rocking, and with the swell smacking against our bow on which L. was perched like a merman, we stayed out until it was dismally dark when we finally turned landward."

A passage like this shows that Feininger handled the writer's pen as masterfully as he used brush, graver or pencil. This, too, he had in common with artists of the Romantic Age, like Friedrich, or Ph. O. Runge, who were skillful writers. In addition, he was a trained musician and a composer whose organ fugues were publicly performed — this being the man of whom Wackenroder and the other Knights of the Blue Flower had dreamed. He was happy to know that Bach's spirit was contained in his painting, finding its expression in a different form. To make sure that he would not be misunderstood, he declared: "Better say, music describes what I am doing. . . . My lines are the equivalents of notes . . . each in its exact place. Music has gone far ahead of painting in its organization and discipline. I was trained as a musician. I always hear music. I want an equally disciplined art."

Always this insistence upon organization, upon discipline, this fear of limitless freedom! One might be tempted to trace it exclusively to the artist's Germanic background, were it not that knowledge of the Romantic Ages ascribes it more correctly to the Romantic heritage. Like Wackenroder, Friedrich, and other early 19th century enthusiasts, this American reincarnation of the Romantic spirit felt that coolness of mind and color, as well as geometry corresponding to the strict architectural pattern of a fugue, would channelize rapturous self-intoxication and the overflow of passionate enthusiasm. Thus he built canvases as firmly rooted in the ground as those of an unruly Expressionist like Soutine are whirling in the turbulent air.

There is no less passion in Feininger. The stillness, the peace and quiet produced by the harmonious equilibrium between horizontal and vertical tends to conceal an emotional intensity gradually tamed, yet never destroyed in a lifelong struggle of which we might never have learned, had not his spontaneously written letters given us rare insight into the mind of this rare man:

"I begin to understand that what we see in nature has to be transmuted in order to become a picture. . . . I see that I have to free myself of an unwanted inclination toward naturalism (with banality as the result) . . ."

"It seems to me of the utmost importance to become more simple. Again and again I realize this when I come to

Bach. His art is incomparably terse, and that is one of the reasons that it is so mighty and eternally alive. I must avoid becoming entangled and fettered in complexities."

"Pursuit of art is for us the only way toward clarification, to free ourselves of all that is doubtful and superfluous. My work at painting presents the battlefield on which I have to overcome my insufficiencies, and resolve every doubt in order to obtain final unity."

Before engaging in a serious pursuit of art, Feininger may have thought of himself as a musician. It probably never dawned upon him that he was, primarily, a romantic poet, trying to bridge the gap between man and the world, mind and matter, or perhaps an imaginative architect intent on building a firmly poised world of reality out of transparent colors, out of rays of light.

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### Lee Gatch continued from page 32

define the shape of a total place. A place with implied but diaphanous sides and ceiling is often suggested by rectangular or wedge shapes at the sides and arching shapes that swing across or between them.

Here his example may have been the Cezanne of the late pictures of Mount Saint Victoire, where sides of houses fall apart and become markers on a sweep to the horizon. Ryder pointed his way to the close toned passages from one form to another.

The space relationships of his 1955 painting, *The Lamb*, "representing new forms with no part in the past," exemplifies the balance between symbolic idea and the abstract forming of place. "The lamb is liturgical," he writes, "close to the Biblical lamb of the burning bush. Through the labyrinth I created a centrifugal center with the dominant lines of all corners of the picture being drawn into a vortex or spiral around the head of the lamb. The implication of this labyrinth is that man and beast are somehow eternally in fetters, trapped by circumstances of one nature or another."

The desire for an extension and radiation through space, via arcs, spirals or shafts, is probably rooted in a deeply personal need and identification that exists simultaneously with the pantheistic meaning (lamb as sacrificial, etc.) and at a still less conscious level. In the penetration of space, the artist's self rides the railroad tracks or takes the leap with the rainbow.

Many of Gatch's symbols imply extension in time and eternity. Thus, "the lamp and the moon," he says, "are subjective and prophetic symbols of the flame of the spirit and its passage from fullness to waning, from life to death." It is interesting that, when he shifted from pictures representing deep space to long horizontal panels in which space was shallow, with forms pulled out like barely overlapping screens, he began to emphasize movement in subjects of bird flight, race track themes, etc.

The close transitions of tones, those subtleties which allow us to barely distinguish a shape in a field of fluctuating touches, are not foreseen in the original plan for a picture but realized in the months during which it develops. They have to be dearly paid for in time and they present a constant danger of a vitiating overrefinement. Gatch knows how to pour onto his canvas a thin turpentine wash — a unifying veil — which settles into grainy, charcoal-like texture. Also



in the 'forties he often planned his canvases "as a single unit of color — red, green or blue . . .," another way of giving a unity to an intricate organization. But he was probably wise to move away from this solution toward a scheme that allows for stronger oppositions and more direct patterning. His salvation has been in a greater economy of means. He has known this since his student days and the great lesson of all his important teachers, Sloan and Kroll at the Maryland Institute, L'hote in Paris, was the lesson of "a beautiful subordination." As fascinating and as incredibly accomplished as are such pictures as *Orientalists at the Races of 1943*, with its strange superimposition of the racing spectacle on the viewers, one notes a gain in the more forthright structure of such late pictures as *Winter, Jockeys* and *The Lamb*.

Writing of his work today, he says, "Inspiration gets to be a juggling of experience in painting. One gets around to unfinished business, painting pictures that have been around all the time, that were never painted because of a lack of knowledge, lack of certain relationships that could be discovered only with more experience."

As a visitor to his recent retrospective at the Phillips Gallery in Washington, it was easy to see that the very appreciative audience did not always "read" correctly the beautiful but ambiguous shapes. Visitors saw images where none were intended and often missed the one that had cost the artist months of work to bring to a perfect integration. Gatch knows this and is not disturbed. At the moment when he has so far lost the original thing-in-nature he has gained his own deeper meaning in the motif, now abstracted, floating, suspended in the color-field. This more anonymous language now signals an intensity of meaning which it could never have commanded without this arduous passage, via nature, from the conscious to unconscious imagination.

### Conversation with Rico Lebrun

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said, the subject. In the photograph some bodies are stacked in a cart head down, with the toes curled around the jaws — hairless, skull-like heads, the mouths lipless gaping holes in the tautly stretched skin that barely covers the bones. He pointed to it, and to others. "I believe the attraction I have for interchangeable images, images which keep becoming, which can be one thing and then another, was heightened by the finding of this photo. The common grave here also speaks of the common form, common to one and all. Can you trace a single body? Is this a chest or a head, a face or a buttock? What is what? It is that aspect of it that moved me. Just as in the *Three Hostages* you see unfinished in front of you I was originally moved — plastically, if you like — by the photograph of the Doukhorbor women. Defiance of the dispossessed against the cops? Maybe. In some way the picture seems related to the one of Buchenwald. Compassion is not exactly the word. Engagement perhaps. But the action of stripping and facing the camera dictated the picture in that it demanded a naked, joined, frontal structure. Both photographs came at a time when I felt I wanted to use the human image again. And the photographic documentation gave me the 'facts' which I really must have in order to present a vivid image.

"Is painting, my kind, closer to literature or music, you

ask? Probably to literature. But the literature of

'Full fathom five thy father lies;  
Of his bones are coral made;  
Those are pearls that were his eyes . . .'

Or of Melville, describing the whiteness of the Whale. Not a symphony in white, but a white Whale!" He smiled, and added: "Though in that case, perhaps, only Michelangelo could have painted it."

Between this visit and my third to his studio I had been rereading *The Brothers Karamazov*. Dostoevsky's overwhelming concern with "content" — plot, characterization, moral issues, sometimes, as in his fascination with such minor detail as the neurotic Madame Hoklakov and the diabolical Lisa, at the expense of "form" — made me want to ask Rico whether he thought revelation of character had any place in painting.

He sensed a criticism — not wrongly. Certainly he was interested in revealing it, he said, though he wasn't prepared to yet. At least not the psychological characterization that such a painter as Goya had mastered. "Right now," he said, "I'm interested in a kind of plastic or figurative characterization, as in the cold and bewildered aspect of these three nudes (pointing to the *Hostages*) revealed through a sustained pictorial handwriting related to the event — not calligraphy indulged in for its own sake."

"Of course," he went on, "once one's premise is precise, any amount of improvisation is legitimate. But you really have to look at things to present their character in paint. Right now in my life I find that I'm painting every time I walk down the street. Every gesture, every feature, every bodily movement I see becomes part of the picture or is stored away for imminent use."

I asked him whether he thought Rembrandt was interested in character as such. "Yes," he replied, "but Rembrandt moved on to something more profound. He modifies a face — as Raphael did in the interests of a linear monumentality — to reach for the pictorial character, in his case the drama of the humble, the mystery of life itself, rather than the eccentricity or peculiarity of one particular face." Then Rico's face lit up, as it often does when he has found the right passage in a picture. "He loses a face, but he gains a great image!"

The last time I saw him was the day he received word that his *Buchenwald Cart* had been bought by the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. It was the first major picture he had sold in some time. But just before the letter arrived we were walking up the alley to his house and he said to me: "You know I'm so sure I'm on the right track these days that yesterday as I walked out of the studio I suddenly said to myself, naively and out loud: 'What the hell do people do when they don't paint?'"

### Artists of the West Coast continued from page 40

try to open up the figure, mining it for imagery. I look at the figure as an expressive edifice. I am utterly fascinated by the architecture of the figure and its animated facades with entrances and exits."

To Warshaw "the most interesting human document is the figure." With Brice the immediate challenge lies in achieving in his own, contemporary way a transition from the "specific

reference to a personality to a general form," and Peake, who has spent much time recently in a series of imaginative paintings based on the farm machinery on his ranch, has returned to the figure because "I find human and animal forms the most moving and interesting."

No matter how abstract the final canvas, these California painters usually work directly from nature at first; they are thematic painters who have all created series of themes and variations emphasizing their conceptual rather than literal interest in subject matter; and they are scholarly painters who continue to make direct or indirect references to those of their artistic ancestors who engage them the most. In a contemporary manner they are within the classical tradition.

If these painters constitute a family, it is certainly one whose members are highly individualistic. Often their most marked personal traits are sources both of impressive strength and of recurrent weaknesses in their work.

Lebrun, widely and deservedly regarded as the outstanding painter in Southern California, is by nature the most theatrical — and at times the most dramatic — of these humanist painters. His superb draftsmanship, his penchant for tragedy and his untiring enthusiasm all contribute to making him one of the most vital forces of painting in the area.

At times his boundless ambition and his desire for universal approbation stand in the way of his brilliance and facility and prevent him from realizing the potentiality of true greatness which does exist in his work but eventually this prolific painter always returns to his preoccupation with the problems and mysteries of painting about human experiences, submerging himself in a frenzy of creativity and concentrated effort which have won the admiration of all who have visited his studio. Countless students whom he has introduced to the magic of painting are indebted to him.

While the entire group is articulate about the ideas of painting (all but Peake are teachers, regarded highly in this role), it is Warshaw who is the most intellectual in his work. Since the abstract expressionists are really counter-intellectual, and often mystic, it follows that — while finding value in some of their plastic discoveries — Warshaw feels most foreign to their way of painting which he sees merely as "a facsimile of life."

"I am an intellectual in my orientation and that is very much part of my painting but it is a mistake to say one must either think or feel. Man comes thinking and feeling and these two qualities of man cannot be separated. As reasonable people we are faced with many choices rather than one intuitive truth. We remember even if memory is a myth.

"Painting is a black box problem. The relationships in it are so complex that one cannot find one's way through. You may well think out how to do something you want to do in a painting but lots of unforeseen things will happen in the doing of it. In the last analysis, you have to feel your way toward the image which is never as one anticipated it and has an air of inevitability about it once found," Warshaw says.

Brice, the most lyrical of the group, holds that the key idea in painting is "revelation: realizing something or making tangible something that was not there before."

Since he is more interested in the process than the result, he will sometimes continue a thematic series of paintings too long and produce a certain number of redundant works, but once embarked on a new investigation he brings his accumulated painting experience and his current feelings to bear on it directly and freshly.

Unlike Warshaw, he usually works from a specific reference to a general scheme, although both have worked the other way around at times.

His recent landscape series contained several paintings which captured the essence of the California landscape in a most poetic manner and in a way which illustrates once more the intense preoccupation of these painters with the concept rather than the appearance of their subjects.

Peake, the least sophisticated member of the family, is also at times the most direct and concentrated one. Closely linked to his subjects which usually come out of direct and recent experience, Peake uses his knowledge of the painters of the past in an assimilated and almost intuitive way which often results in highly personal revelations, both powerful and nostalgic.

His realization of animal forms, especially his drawings and paintings of horses, reveal not only an interest but a deep feeling for these subjects, and his intense desire to explore the sculptural aspects of painting have led him to abandon temporarily his recent emphasis on color.

"I experience much difficulty in balancing sculptural form and color. I like strong color but am drawn time and again to the monochromatic because of my primary interest in form."

To those who regard painting as a language, modern art as logically linked with the past, and the pursuit and enjoyment of art as not completely esoteric, the growing stature of this group of California painters who approach their art from a humanistic point of view is a welcome circumstance.

These are mature painters who are attempting to digest images which are new — but not totally new — to us. Reaching toward a synthesis of valid twentieth century plastic ideas rather than seeking further novelty thrills, these talented men are earnestly trying to see whether painters can meet the existing conditions of today in the light of what they have learned about painting from past masters as well as in the light of their own experiences.

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#### *Comment by George L. K. Morris cont. from page 41*

ond category; this one also depends for its existence on an ability to satisfy a public. It is more sophisticated, perhaps, but hardly more elevated in taste. I should include here the fabricators of our public monuments. (They are usually required to ingratiate some board of civic councillors, whose eyes have been nurtured on the standards of category one.) There are also the society portrait-painters and official illustrators (who must concentrate on a flattering replica that will enhance the client's community-standing. No place here for values that are the prerequisites of art), the decorators of public buildings, banks, and — saddest of all — religious and educational edifices. (Here again the client is apt to be a board of trustees, who think chiefly of maintaining their position.)

I'm now in a position — with a certain understanding between us, I hope — for some analysis. You have probably guessed that I am bringing forward my third category of artists. Certainly these are not commercial artists; they'd be flops in commerce of any kind. Nor do they produce paintings or sculptures aimed primarily at making money — though they are very glad to take in anything they can get, of course. No one in his right mind would embark on such



a career in America today if his chief aim were to secure material rewards. Certainly there must be something else in this third category, known in the local patois as "serious artists." Do they have a common denominator? Only that they are gnawed at by something within, for the expression of which they will forego security, stability, and even the comforts of life.

Here is our third category, and when I use the word "artist" from now on, it is to this ill-assorted company that I shall be referring. It's time now to look a little more closely at this strange struggle for survival, and you will understand reasons for the essential compromises. I don't know how many "serious artists" there are — the number must be up in the thousands, with countless students in addition already steeling themselves for the ordeal. Even the public begins to be curious about their work, which fairly bursts the walls of our local and national museum shows, not to mention a hundred-odd New York galleries. That their primary purpose is not the making of money proves to be an understatement. You would be astonished if I told you how few make a living exclusively from the sale of their own paintings or sculptures. Out of thousands you could count them on your fingers with a few to spare.

Perhaps you are not familiar with the method by which an artist sells his wares in this devious world of ours. If he is to have any protracted connection with a public now-a-days, he must become affiliated with a dealer, who is usually located in New York. This is not easy; when it is accomplished the dealer, every few years, puts on a show of his work (in many galleries the artist has to pay for this privilege); in addition, the dealer keeps samples always on hand to show clients who drop by; if he is lucky enough to make a sale he is rewarded by a 40% commission. And then there are the museum directors who amble in, to pick up wares for the "Annals," as they're called. There is the possibility of a prize — but usually the artist loses contact with his work sometimes for a year or two on a museum-circuit. Many people may see it, but all the artist gets is nicked frames or chips off his sculpture-bases. The plastic arts have a different relation to their audiences than have literature and music. Anyone who buys a work of art must buy the actual object. Others may find it interesting, or even love it, yet without the available purchase price, the artist receives no tangible benefit. And of the few who can buy, a majority prefer the glamor of some foreign artist, with his unusual name and picturesque overtones.

I shan't go on indefinitely sounding the woes of the American painter and sculptor. You might be surprised to find perhaps that they constitute the most cheerful segment of contemporary society; they have a sense of accomplishment in a field that they love; also a hope for the future that is not based on material success, a conception that so many of their compatriots have lost. My purpose is merely to emphasize that they turn elsewhere if they are to find a living wage.

Let us briefly consider those legitimate compromises that keep body and soul together. Art teaching is thought of as the most "congenial," with the added advantage of being usually limited to only two or three days a week. However, except in the case of a well-organized personality, teaching is not as congenial as one might think. I know, because I've tried it. The creative act — almost like a mystical experience — is something highly sensitive and internal. To talk about it to others may drain it of its essential spontaneity. So it is that many artists rely on jobs as removed as possible from

the path of art. I know many who have held down every sort of occupation, from boiler-mender to tug-boat captain on the East River; anything that will tide them over until a little capital can be accumulated for a full-time return to their rightful professions. In the meantime they may be classed as Sunday-painters or amateurs, but at least their art has not been debased. I have certain friends who evolved an ingenious compromise of a sort. They secured jobs as guards at the Metropolitan Museum. They would study the paintings by day, then go home and paint in the evening.

I know many artists who have fallen into a deeper compromise. There have been many endowed with astonishing facility in drawing and painting; they have felt that it could all be made use of toward lucrative ends, until their more deeply felt expression could make them self-supporting. They would change just for the time being, and move over into our old categories one and two. They had a genuine contempt for commercial art and society portraiture, but they would practice it tongue-in-cheek. In debasing their sense of quality, they had forgotten that "Art is a Confession." For an artist to degrade what is most sacred to him is a sin indeed. The release again of forces that depend on nobility and truth requires a long period of expiation. Such artists have paid heavily, and most of them have remained in the paths where they chose to stray.

I have never maintained that an artist should categorically object to pleasing everyone — if he can do so with his integrity intact. Where would the greatest monuments in art history be, if their creators had failed to please the Pharaohs, the Medicis, the arrogant kings of Spain? I can only reiterate that in those days human existence was carried along on a different basis. How restricted seems the very presentation of art today — the gallery where the artist puts up his work, and the small personal effusion that he must struggle with in solitude! This terrible emphasis on self: how easily has it led the artists of today into a sort of mass-megalomania! To himself he is ridiculously aggrandized. To society he is nothing at all. A great contrast from Titian, let us say, who was painting Charles V with every desire to please his patron. And when he dropped his brush the emperor picked it up with the words, "It is fitting for Caesar to pick up the brush of Titian."

During the periods which I've been offering as a contrast, the spirit fostered by the great religions brought something into art that we no longer find there. For it was religion that began the nurture of art, in the most ancient eras. In all periods, religion has provided the ideal outlet for artistic expression; it kept the creator's ego subservient to his aim.

The tale of modern art has been one of progressive egotism. Gradually the artist has imbibed the arrogance of his time; he has substituted himself for the forces of religion. It has been quite mutual; the religious denominations, in turn, have found no place for the great third category, the serious artists who are fated to deliver the spirit of their era. Perhaps it will not always be like this. There are signs that certain enlightened dignitaries are growing conscious that important art can indeed become a driving force in company with religion; that they can be joined, to the incalculable advantage of each.

Perhaps it is not the nature of the artist's belief that is all-important. We have no way of knowing how skeptical some of the great artists of the past may have been. The crucial point is the orientation, and that art and religion are the two forces for good in the world today that support each

other and can again be brought to a point of fusion. For in the modern world, with the emphasis so strongly on the destruction of men's souls, we have here kindred forces. They can give a measure of stability to the human spirit if they can pursue a path together without compromise.

*This article is based on an address given at a luncheon meeting of the Institute for Religious and Social Studies, New York City, December 6, 1955, and will be included in the book to be based on the series, Life's Dilemmas and Compromises, to be edited by R. M. MacIver.*

### **Survey by Bernard S. Myers** *continued from page 41*

token, the fact that many galleries have moved out of the Fifty-Seventh Street area and many newer ones established in other parts of the city has resulted in additional difficulties for the already overworked critics in their almost impossible attempt to do justice to the stupendous number of fortnightly offerings. This also makes the situation of the exhibiting artist additionally difficult.

The first section of the report deals with the methodology of the survey in which after consultation with responsible museum, gallery and college people (including psychologists, sociologists and statisticians) the following procedure was adopted. It was recognized that the problem of deciding who were the artists had to be faced in some way. At the same time it was felt desirable that the "universe" from which our final interviewing sample was to be drawn should include as many varieties of stylistic thinking as possible.

To insure the greatest objectivity on these points it was finally decided to secure a list of juried names from various artists' organizations and museums where over a period of three years these artists had either been shown or recorded for possible showing. From the resulting all-inclusive list of over 1,000 names, 250 were selected by the recognized random sampling method for a mailed questionnaire; another 50 names selected in the same way were directly interviewed by members of the Art Department staff with the same questionnaire. These two procedures were designed as checks on each other and with the hope that the more extended interviews would yield information that could not be given by mail as well as direct impressions made on the interviewers. Such indeed proved to be the case. At the same time, and at the advice of our advisory committee, the author undertook to interview ten well-known artists to compare their experiences as beginning artists many years ago with conditions as they exist today. These interviews were not confined to prepared questions but allowed the artist to say whatever he wished. Finally, and again as a kind of corroboration, a special survey was made of the commercial galleries with a second questionnaire. Of the total list of New York galleries some 50 were isolated that were known to be interested in contemporary American art. A random selection of 30 of these provided our group of interviewees.

Although it would be impractical to reproduce here the lengthy questionnaires appended to the report, a number of details may be extracted together with a summary of the 134 replies received by mail. Initial data points to a trend toward younger artists as well as toward an increasing number of women in the exhibiting field. The majority of the artists exhibiting in New York come from this area but a substan-

tial proportion come from out-of-town. Information received on the education of the artist would seem to confirm the belief that the trend is increasingly toward collegiate art training. Most of the artists responding indicated a preference for "contemporary" over "traditional" art forms, although a good many had not too long ago been of the opposite persuasion. The report attempts to correlate this data with the age of today's avant-garde movement.

Almost all the artists in our group thought of themselves as "professional artists," a belief vitiated to a considerable extent in the opinion of the writer by such factors as the practise of other "professions," the relatively small number of hours per week spent on creative activity, the large number of artists (one-fifth) who had never submitted to a commercial gallery and the even larger number who had submitted only once.

Apparently it is easier to get into a group show in New York (especially the artist organization type of show so popular now) than to obtain a one-man show. Outside New York one-man shows were seemingly more available to our sample than group shows. On the other hand, although as many as 110 out of our 134 had been accepted in group shows, only 42 reported having sold anything. It was noted finally that a good quarter of the respondents had never had a one-man show.

As for commercial gallery connections, three-fifths reported themselves as without affiliations, while most of those who had gallery relationships only had an oral understanding with the dealer.

Although the present survey confirms many of the widely held opinions on the current art situation, the respondents to the questionnaire did not verify the current belief that gallery renting is a widespread practise. Yet this apparent discrepancy between the experience of many observers of the art scene today and the answers given by our artists who denied for the most part that they had rented space, can be explained in some measure. Among the reasons offered in the report are the artist's natural reluctance to admit such experiences — a reflection on his worth — and the business of "padding" so-called legitimate expenses that artists do not mind paying.

The question of earnings from creative art was answered in our survey in an even more dismal fashion than had been the case with Miss McCausland's poll of prominent artists in 1946; 20 admitted no earnings, 27 less than \$200 per annum and so on down the line. Almost half of our panel cited friends as their best outlet for sales, while more than three-quarters of the group gave works away.

As for the Gallery Survey, this did not prove as rewarding, even if only for the reason that the dealers were naturally somewhat reluctant to discuss with our interviewers many of the things in which we were interested. Yet it is worth noting that 13 of the gallery group we surveyed had been in existence less than ten years. A majority of the galleries signified an interest in "contemporary" rather than "traditional" art. By far the most interesting data emerging from this end of the report deals with the great numbers of applicants for shows and the percentage of such applicants coming from outside New York.

Although *Problems of the Younger American Artist* is only a pilot study limited by the available time and money and even by its geography and objective (namely that artists are having difficulty in showing and selling), the results underline and substantiate beliefs that have been current for some



time. For one thing there are still far from enough galleries in New York today — or available museum space — for the showing of general exhibitions of worthy artists. This insufficiency is in large part due to the growth of a body of so-called artists whose mere existence and size is a tribute to the opportunism of the magazines which have sponsored amateur art for the sake of their advertisers, the purveyors of art materials. When a leading department store offers a show of such art (on the same page with a generous advertisement for art supplies) as an exhibition of "American Art," it is perhaps time to take stock of our situation.

There is in addition a very large number of recent art students (serious but unqualified), creative artists turned to commercial art (and still suffering pangs of conscience), and other not quite professional categories that add to an ever-mounting space emergency. Finally we have the ill-equipped but eager band-wagoners who have joined (or think they have joined) the ranks of the avant-garde, who add the final touch to the confused picture of American art today.

Not only is the situation critical for many young but earnest artists; it is now even bad for many hitherto acknowledged practitioners who have been by-passed by the competitive need for younger and newer talents as well as by the current vogue for "new talent" which appears to monopolize critical appreciation and space.

A report of this kind is bound to raise as many questions as it answers. Even if it indicates that there is a need for more space and for more sales and pinpoints a good many of the reasons for the present shortages, there are things about which we must still remain curious. Just how widespread is the practise of renting gallery space in New York? To

what extent has the current avant-garde vogue affected (a) standards of criticism, (b) the general market situation? What kind of direct and indirect aid do artists need and how effective have these been in the past? At what point are artists ready to exhibit and who are the "professional artists?" What kind of exhibiting and sales mechanism does a large city like New York need, especially in view of the demands made upon it by the rest of the country? What can New York learn from community center art activities in other parts of the United States or municipal activities in other countries?

It is to these questions that the final section of the report addresses itself in its Tentative Conclusions or Suggestions. Speaking for the New York area itself, it would seem that a municipally sponsored center that would be kept going for an initial period with foundation support might be a worthy starting point. Here an organized exhibition and education program could be carried on for the mutual benefit of artists and public and could engage, it is hoped, the interest and help of the business community to make it a permanent feature of the municipal scene. A broader overall solution, in which New York becomes a kind of clearing house for various kinds of national art activities in the contemporary American field, is also proposed in outline form. More organized thinking concerning the problem of the American artist today is suggested by the author who is already at work on a plan for a Metropolitan Art Center for New York.

#### *Carl Walters continued from page 47*

at the relatively low temperature of 1800°-2000°F. At this stage the object would still be porous and the color close to raw clay. Then the glazes were applied by brush, dipping, or spraying and the piece fired once more, this time at 1800°F. for three hours. During this step the raw glazes turned into the non-porous and usually colored surface of the piece. He never relied on ready-to-use preparations, preferring to compose his own glazes from a wide range of raw materials. The magic of Walters' technique here depends on his boldness of application and imaginative choice of colors; once on the object they were difficult to alter.

Although some of Walters' work bears a superficial resemblance to commercial decorative pottery, it can hardly be placed in the realm of bric-a-brac because it was always cre-

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ated by highly individual and conscientious labor. Moreover, he never placed emphasis on quantity or reproduced any work in large numbers (with the partial exception of a series done with his permission from moulds of the Cock Vase, Dove, Pigeon, and Baby Duck by the Associated American Artists Galleries [inscribed AAA]). Each piece, including the smallest pottery, is signed, dated, and monogrammed with the following symbols: a horse or horse's head, for the Maverick artists' colony in Woodstock, N. Y.; a circumscribed square, for the potter's wheel; and a zig-zag, the conventionalized image of a near-by stream. The dating of Walters' ceramics, however, is sometimes misleading. They are incised with the year of their firing and glazing, but a piece may have been turned out from a mould that had been made twenty years earlier. Therefore, the development of Walters' style in major pieces (ones made from moulds) rests largely on the changes in his glazing technique and the application of surface details. In order to clarify the sequence of his early sculptural work, the following list, covering the years 1924-1933, is reproduced from his unpublished papers:

Lion — 2 ft. 4 in. long .....	1933
Bear-cub — 17 in. long .....	1933
Bucking Horse — 8 in. high .....	1925
Hippopotamus — 16 in. long .....	1924
Bull — 16 in. long .....	1924
Penguin — 18 in. high .....	1926
Giraffe — 17 in. high .....	1926
Two giraffes — 27 in. high .....	1926
Horse — 12 in. high .....	1924
Mandrill — 2 ft. 1 in. high .....	1928
Duck — 11 in. long .....	1927-8
Ella — 18 in. high .....	1927
Monkey — 8 in. ....	1927
Red Lion — 20 in. ....	1927
Seal — 16 in. ....	1925
Cock — 13 in. high .....	1926
Whitney Doors .....	1930-31
Rixson Doors .....	1932
Elephant .....	1926
Faun .....	1928
Spotted Horse — 10 in. long .....	1928

In all probability this list was made from the artist's memory as a retrospective glance at ten years of ceramic sculpture. The measurements are approximate, not exact, and the dates are sometimes inaccurate by one or two years. But this shows the order in which many major pieces were made, and without such a list it would be hard to judge the development of his sculptural style, because the date of making the mould, not the date of the piece, is critical.

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At this point one could stop and contemplate with satisfaction Walters' career as a ceramic sculptor. But he extended himself even further. During his last ten years he became interested in small narrative compositions in glazed pottery that resemble eighteenth-century English arbor groups. These polychrome pieces, of about 10" in height, demonstrate his humor once more, being concerned with the antics of animals and carnival performers for the most part. Further, Walters created jewelry in ceramics — the ideal vehicle for his Egyptian blue. Necklaces, brooches, and earrings were made by hand and by mould which approximated the color and texture of antique ornaments.

Finally, Walters' skill as a scientist and artist is exemplified by a commission that he received from Juliana Force for the entrance doors of the old Whitney Museum of American Art in New York. In the design and execution of these sixty relief panels Walters worked during 1930-31 for thirteen months, many of which were devoted to experiment. He had watched the glass blowers on Murano Island, Venice, four years before — during his first trip to Europe — but, as in ceramics, he plunged into this new medium with no former experience. The result, as one would expect, was superb. A similar set comprising eighty panels was executed a year later as a private commission.

Had Carl Walters continued his youthful efforts as a painter, he might have become a nationally-known American realist. But by the peculiar turns of circumstance which seem to draw artists to one medium or another, Walters steered in the direction of ceramics. In this field he was unexcelled. Perhaps he was born a few thousand years too late, but by fulfilling his talent completely in this medium he commanded the respect of connoisseur and layman alike.

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*Embroidery as Art continued from page 51*

never seen them. And yet I believe they are a beautiful and unique form of art and as such will always have great value.

I called them tapestries — certainly they could not be called embroidery — and if the beautiful embroidered Bayeux tapestries can be called that, mine should also be called tapestries. But actually tapestry implies weaving — so I compromised on “embroidered tapestries.”

These works were created out of my life and the life around me. They are executed in all manner of stitches according to the immediate need of expression. Stitches are so simple and so unimportant except as a means of producing certain textures and effects. The concern over them seems so foolish — there are only three or four basic stitches and one has only to look at a few bits of needlework to find out all about them — and yet books are written about stitches.

I use only wool, mostly crewel and tapestry wool. It is hard to come by wool in certain colors and textures. I was lucky in this; I found a little man in a small shop on east ninth street who had a marvelous assortment. It seemed reckless at the time but I went over and bought \$250 worth of wool. After that I added a little here and there as I saw it. Now that I no longer embroider I would say that I still have \$250 worth of wool on hand.

I never worked on a stretcher but held a piece of hand-woven linen in my hands no matter what the size, and worked here and there over it, unconsciously controlling the tension so that it remained flat. I never made a pattern to follow — that would have destroyed all interest — after outlining a general plan on the linen for place, I created each thing as I went along. I am never in a hurry, I have all the time in the world; I am as happy to spend years on a single work as I would be to do a number in that time. It is slow work but it is never tedious because it is always full of creative problems. It requires no patience because the mind is always alert and lively. Darning a few socks will give me a pain in the back and eyestrain but I can work all day at a tapestry and hardly be tired.

My first show was at the Daniel Gallery in 1917. The Lathrop Browns were so enthusiastic that they bought most of the pieces. We were elated; it was our first real sale of art. A few years later there was a show at the Montross Gallery and besides sales Mrs. Nathan Miller gave me an order to embroider two bedspreads. After that people usually thought of bedspreads when they wanted me to design for them.

Mrs. Ralph Jonas asked me to make her a tapestry about

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four by five feet of whatever I wished to do and later Mrs. Rockefeller asked me to make one of the Rockefeller family and their home at Seal Harbor, about five by six feet. No one ever asked to see a design or to see the work in progress; no one made any stipulations; sometimes price was not even mentioned. The Jonas tapestry was two years in the making, the Lathrop Brown bedspread three years and the Rockefeller tapestry one year in planning and three years in execution. These were wonderful commissions and very exciting to do.

I had never had a show of all my work and since it was owned by different people in different parts of the country — who in some cases didn't like being disturbed — it was not an easy thing to assemble it in New York. But in the fall of 1935 I managed to collect all the embroideries and they were very beautifully shown at the Brummer Galleries.

One day I suddenly realized that I did not possess a single piece of my embroidery. So I made myself one of our house in Maine with all the family life about us as a record and a memory.

Last of all I made myself a tapestry of my home in California, something I had planned for years. A large white gingerbread house, light and airy and delightful in stitches; the magnolia trees and palms, fences and flowers; children at night playing hide and seek under the street lamp; the Chinese vegetable man; my mother.

This, I guess, is the end. I have made seventeen tapestries and four bedspreads. All are privately owned. One, *The Waterfall*, was stolen and never seen again. My eyes are not young enough to do this kind of work any more. I began life as a painter; from now on my art will be painting.

#### **Museum Trends** continued from page 53

dealers. Because of the problems of administration, the museum has not yet undertaken rentals. Works are usually priced under \$500, and since its inception about eighteen months ago, over sixty items have been sold.

While purchases from Museums have the advantage of museum approval, they make up only a small part of the works of art acquired by young collectors. Art dealers are to be found in many cities, but New York is the center, and here the stocks offer a wide variety. The reliable art dealer is usually a person of professional training with a good knowl-

Would anyone having any knowledge of any picture of Lambert Hitchcock, the original maker of the well known Hitchcock chairs, please write to The Hitchcock Chair Co., Riverton, Conn.? We are also interested in original broadsides of the chairs, bills-of-sale, etc. If this material could not be purchased we would greatly appreciate the opportunity to photograph same.

WRITE: The Hitchcock Chair Co., Riverton-Hitchcocks-ville, Conn.

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edge of the art market. The young collector can always obtain advice about dealers from his museum, since the staff is personally acquainted with many of them. Dealers are usually very ready to assist the young collector by accepting time payments, and in the field of old masters there is often some latitude in price range. For living artists, prices are generally fixed. In going to a dealer, it is advisable to indicate a price range you are prepared to pay, so that he will not waste his time and yours, showing works of art beyond your means.

Buying at auction is apt to be hazardous for the young collector unless he previously obtains professional advice from a museum or an art dealer. A neophyte is apt to be carried away in bidding, and it is generally better to allow a dealer to bid, despite the fact that he is paid a commission. Often he is able to save the commission and more. One of the pleasures of collecting contemporary art is the occasional opportunity to become acquainted with an artist through visits to his studio. Not only is the selection the widest, but the visitor has the opportunity to discuss his intended purchase with the artist. Transactions however are usually conducted with the artist's dealer.

Determining *what* to buy is not easy. It is like choosing a meal from a ten-page menu. Unless one's means as well as one's time is unlimited, it is better to confine oneself to a certain period or type of work of art. The field is too vast. This does not mean that if opportunity arises, a superb work of art need be passed over, but a collection has more meaning to the owner, if it has a character of its own. Too many beginners are hesitant to trust their own judgement, and too many take advice from the wrong people, such as relatives, friends and in some cases interior decorators. A work of art should be bought because one likes it and wants to live with it, because it says something new to the beholder rather than recalling some familiar sight, experience or person. Photographs and picture post cards do that better. A beginner is often tempted by what he believes is a bargain, but bargains rarely measure up in quality. Another pitfall for the young collector to avoid is to attempt to buy the great names at modest prices. Either the work is not genuine, or it is a poor daub by a great artist. If doubt exists, the museum can always be consulted. The smart collector is one who buys what is unfashionable at the moment, unless he is prepared to pay high prices. Frequently a fine work by a minor artist is far more desirable than a poor work by a great artist. A handsome Chardin is out of the reach of a young collector, but a Bonvin, Vollon, or Philippe Rousseau

*Important*

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of real quality may be had at a modest price. A Poussin is expensive, but a fine Gaspard Dughet or Francisque Millet have much to recommend them. Caillebotte, André and Desbouts for example, sell for far less than Monet, Pissarro or Sisley. An Inness is apt to be high, but a good Cropsey or Winkworth Gay may still be bought for modest sums. It is well to remember however that as there are good, bad and indifferent examples of the great masters, there are similarly good, bad and indifferent works by the lesser men. Buying against the market however is not necessarily like buying a stock when it is low. Unless one expects to go into the art dealing business, one should buy a work of art for its merits and the pleasure it will give over a period of many years. If it ceases to do so, it should be sold or exchanged for what it is currently worth. Good collectors rarely hang onto their mistakes. If one makes a wise purchase, there is always the pleasure of discovery, and the prestige of having picked a winner. In buying modern art, especially American, I refer the reader to that excellent pamphlet by John I. H. Baur *A B C for Collectors of American Contemporary Art.* His advice is sound and his plea convincing.

Paintings in oil and watercolor are the most popular mediums, but drawings have many features for the young collector. While a painting by a Carracci or Delacroix may be too dear for the young collector, a drawing may not. Furthermore, drawings which show the workings of the artist's mind tend to have greater freshness than a finished picture. Unfortunately, opportunities for purchasing old master drawings in this country are less than they are in Europe, but opportunities there are, if one has knowledge, taste and patience. Contemporary drawings present no such problem for they are always available.

The vast field of prints in various media offers the widest range of selection. While a young collector may not be able to acquire a Rembrandt or a Picasso painting, a fine impression of Rembrandt or a handsome Picasso lithograph may well be his. By studying in the print collection of his local museum, the young print collector can learn much about mediums, states, impressions and other intricacies of print collecting. For the modest collector or even for those who buy for household decoration, the print field offers tremendous variety and scope. How much better it is to buy an original by a living artist than a \$15 Van Gogh reproduction in a \$75 frame. By buying a print one is helping to support an artist, and by using such framing devices as the *Braquette* or the *Minute-Mount*, one can change one's pictures as often as one likes.

Sculpture in various media is unfortunately sadly neglected by most collectors. Small sculpture of all periods, even the very finest, is still proportionately far less expensive than paintings. A Roman bronze or a Maillol are commonly one tenth or one twentieth the price of a Corot or a Matisse painting. Small sculpture can be easily moved about a house from tables to mantels, and unlike in museums, it can be handled. Larger sculpture may be placed on pedestals which can be moved or if in a permanent medium can be shown to excellent effect in a garden.

The field of art is enormous as it is fascinating. Art is personal, and can be many things to many people, yet experiencing art can be shared with others through discussion and comparison. It is hard for those who live with art to understand how others can live without it. We in museums find the pleasures most rewarding.

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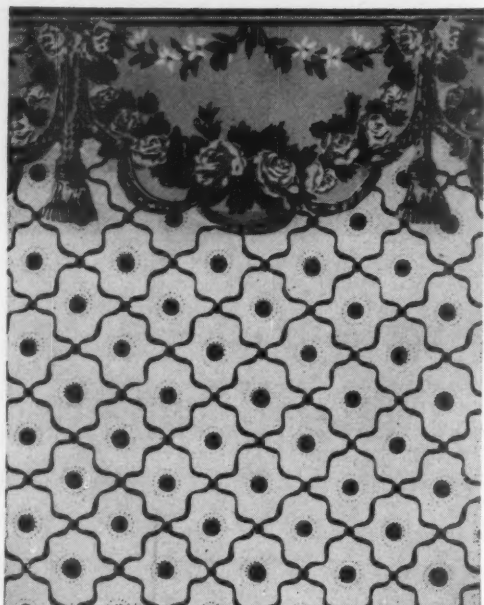
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## Who's Who in This Issue

**JOHN I. H. BAUR** is Curator of the Whitney Museum of American Art. He is author of *Revolution and Tradition in Modern American Art*, *American Painting in the Nineteenth Century* and *ABC for Collectors of American Contemporary Art*. He has also written a number of monographs on nineteenth- and twentieth-century American artists including Eastman Johnson, John Quidor, Theodore Robinson, George Croez, Loren MacIver and I. Rice Pereira.

**C. C. CUNNINGHAM** is Director of the Wadsworth Atheneum, Hartford. He has recently been actively interested in furthering cooperation between his museum and younger art collectors. Last October's issue of *Art in America* featured his review of art books for collectors.

**JOHN GORDON**, Curator of Paintings and Sculpture at the Brooklyn Museum since 1952, was previously with the Department of Circulating Exhibitions of the Museum of Modern Art. He is responsible for the well-known International Water Color Exhibition held biennially at the Brooklyn Museum.

**WILLIAM I. HOMER** teaches history of art at Princeton University. His summers are spent as Curator of the Museum of Art of Ogunquit, Maine, where he organized the memorial exhibition of Carl Walters' ceramic sculpture. He is engaged in research on the theory of painting in Europe and America at the end of the nineteenth century.

**SAM HUNTER**, Associate Curator in the Department of Painting and Sculpture, Museum of Modern Art, previously taught art history at Barnard and UCLA. He is author of *Modern French Painting*; and "The Eight" is an excerpted chapter from a book on modern American painting and sculpture to be published in the spring of 1957 by Dell, New York.

**THOMAS W. LEAVITT**, as Assistant to the Director of the Fogg Art Museum, where most of the Washington Allston Trust Collection was stored, played an important role in the distribution of the Collection. He has prepared a list of the pictures together with their new locations which will appear shortly in the American Archives section of *Art Quarterly*. At present he is making use of a traveling fellowship awarded by Harvard to complete a doctoral dissertation on mid nineteenth-century American painting.

**GEORGE L. K. MORRIS**, born in New York in 1906, was graduated from Yale, then studied painting at the Art Students League and with Léger in Paris. For several years he was an editor of *Partisan Review*, and was a founding member of the American Abstract Artists, serving as President from 1949-51. He was U. S. painting-delegate to the 1952 UNESCO Conference in Venice. Among many museums where his works may be seen are the Metropolitan and Whitney in New York, the Philadelphia Museum and the Pennsylvania Academy.

**BERNARD S. MYERS** has taught at N.Y.U., Rutgers, U. of Texas, U. of Southern California, U. of Colorado and now at The City College, New York, where as a member of the New York Area Research Council which operates under a Rockefeller grant he directed the survey here discussed. He is author of *Modern Art in the Making*, *Fifty Great Artists*, *Encyclopedia of Painting* (ed.), *Mexican Painting in Our Time* and articles in various art journals.

**SELDEN RODMAN** is author of *Haiti: The Black Republic* and *The Eye of Man*. His present interview with Rico Lebrun

will be part of his *Conversations with Artists* to be published in 1957. He has also described the evolution of Lebrun's "Crucifixion Series" in *Perspectives USA* and in the introductory chapter to *The Eye of Man*.

SUSAN SAWITZKY has just completed William Sawitzky's monograph on Reuben Moulthrop, to be published by the New York Historical Society in 1957, in which parts of this article on Moulthrop will be included. She hopes to have ready for publication, in the near future, her husband's books on *Ralph Earl* and *Three New York Painters: Thomas McIlworth, Lawrence Kilburn and Abraham Delanoy*.

DOROTHY GEES SECKLER has written extensively on contemporary American artists, both as an Associate Editor of *Art News* and earlier as a member of the staff of the Museum of Modern Art. At present she is collaborating on a book with sculptor Calvin Albert. The current article is the second she has written on Lee Gatch.

HENRY J. SELDIS has been art critic of the *Santa Barbara News-Press* for the past six years. He has been a contributor to *Arts*, *Art in America*, the *Christian Science Monitor* and the *San Francisco Chronicle*. He is a lecturer in art at the University of California, and has just been invited to join the American Section of the International Art Critics Association.

ALFRED WERNER was born in Vienna, came to the United States during the last war. He has written introductions to a large number of books on art, and edited (for Harry N. Abrams Pocket Library of Great Art) *Utrillo*, *Dufy* and *Henri Rousseau*. He has contributed articles, chiefly on nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists, to *Commentary*, *Antioch Review*, *The Progressive*, *Arts* and *Art News*. He is a lecturer at Wagner College, New York.

MARGUERITE ZORACH spent four years in and out of the art schools of Paris studying painting, but she believes that an artist learns more and better through his own efforts, and has less to unlearn. To prove her point — for her unique artistic achievement in her tapestries she was entirely self-taught.

## December Issue

AMERICAN SCULPTORS, the major section of the issue, includes articles on Calder by James Johnson Sweeney, Lipton by Andrew C. Ritchie, Hare by Robert Goldwater, Noguchi by Franklin Page, David Smith by Clement Greenberg, Lippold by the artist himself. Two younger sculptors, Hugh Townley and Katherine Nash, will be introduced by Frank Getlein and Eugene Kingman.

A second feature for the issue will be Dwight Kirsch's survey of the MURDOCK COLLECTION OF AMERICAN ART at the Wichita Art Museum.

Eloise Spaeth, guest editor of the May ART AND INDUSTRY issue, will present the first article in the continuing series scheduled on this subject — a picture story showing a group of paintings by Terence Cuneo commissioned to illustrate the operations of the International Nickel Company.

In the December PORTRAIT Norman Rockwell writes about and sketches Al Dorne. DECORATIVE ARTS features a picture presentation of painted furniture and accessories, described by Frank Spinney, Director of Old Sturbridge Village. GALLERY NOTES previews the 1957 season, and concludes the October issue discussion of "the crisis in art criticism."

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 Alan Gallery, 32 E. 65 St., N.Y.C.  
 Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.  
 Babcock Gallery, 38 E. 57 St., N.Y.C.  
 Barone Gallery, 202 E. 51 St., N.Y.C.  
 Borgenicht Gallery, 1018 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.  
 Coeval Galleries, 100 W. 56 St., N.Y.C.  
 The Contemporaries, 959 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.  
 D'Arcy Galleries, 19 E. 76 St., N.Y.C.  
 Davis Gallery, 231 E. 60 St., N.Y.C.  
 Downtown Gallery, 32 E. 51 St., N.Y.C.  
 Duveen-Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.  
 André Emmerich, 18 E. 77 St., N.Y.C.  
 Fairweather-Hardin Gallery, 139 E. Ontario St., Chicago, Ill.  
 Feigl Gallery, 601 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.  
 Rose Fried Gallery, 40 E. 68 St., N.Y.C.  
 La Galeria Escondida, Taos, N.M.  
 Galerie Moderne, 586 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.  
 Galerie St. Etienne, 46 W. 57 St., N.Y.C.  
 Gallery G, 200 E. 69 St., N.Y.C.  
 Gallery 21, 21 E. 63 St., N.Y.C.  
 Grand Central Moderns Gallery, 120 E. 57 St., N.Y.C.  
 Hansa Gallery, 210 Central Park So., N.Y.C.  
 Hartert Gallery, 22 E. 58 St., N.Y.C.  
 John Heller Gallery, 61 E. 57 St., N.Y.C.  
 IGAS, 65 W. 56 St., N.Y.C.  
 Alexander Iolas Gallery, 123 E. 55 St., N.Y.C.  
 Martha Jackson Gallery, 32 E. 69 St., N.Y.C.  
 Sidney Janis Gallery, 15 E. 57 St., N.Y.C.  
 Kleemann Galleries, 11 E. 68 St., N.Y.C.  
 Kootz Gallery, 600 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.  
 Los Angeles Art Association, 2425 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.  
 Lynn Kottler Gallery, 3 E. 65 St., N.Y.C.  
 Krushaar Galleries, 1055 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.  
 Little Gallery, 1923 Manning St., Philadelphia, Pa.  
 Meltzer Gallery, 38 W. 57 St., N.Y.C.  
 Midtown Galleries, 17 E. 57 St., N.Y.C.  
 Milch Galleries, 55 E. 57 St., N.Y.C.  
 Moskin Gallery, 4 E. 88 St., N.Y.C.  
 The New Gallery, 601 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.  
 Parma Gallery, 1107 Lexington Ave., N.Y.C.  
 Betty Parsons Gallery, 15 E. 57 St., N.Y.C.  
 Passedoit Galleries, 121 E. 57 St., N.Y.C.  
 Peridot Gallery, 820 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.  
 Frank Perls Gallery, 350 N. Camden Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.  
 Perls Gallery, 1016 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.  
 Pierre Matisse Gallery, 41 E. 57 St., N.Y.C.  
 Poindexter Gallery, 46 E. 57 St., N.Y.C.  
 Portraits, Inc., 136 E. 57 St., N.Y.C.  
 The Print Club, 1614 Latimer St., Philadelphia, Pa.  
 Rehn Gallery, 683 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.  
 Roko Gallery, 925 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.  
 Saldenberg Gallery, 10 E. 77 St., N.Y.C.  
 Harry Salpeter Gallery, 42 E. 57 St., N.Y.C.  
 Bertha Schaeffer Gallery, 32 E. 57 St., N.Y.C.  
 Jacques Seligmann Gallery, 5 E. 57 St., N.Y.C.  
 Spectrum Gallery, 472 Main St., Wakefield, R.I.  
 Stable Gallery, 924 Seventh Ave., N.Y.C.  
 Tannenbaum, 19 E. 57 St., N.Y.C.  
 Tibor de Nagy Gallery, 206 E. 53 St., N.Y.C.  
 Catherine Viviano Gallery, 42 E. 57 St., N.Y.C.  
 Maynard Walker Gallery, 117 E. 57 St., N.Y.C.  
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 Ruth White Gallery, 42 E. 57 St., N.Y.C.  
 Willard Gallery, 23 W. 56 St., N.Y.C.  
 Zabriskie Gallery, 835 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.

## Early American Art and Old Masters

Nicholas M. Acquavella, 119 E. 57 St., N.Y.C.  
 H. V. Allison & Co., 32 E. 57 St., N.Y.C.  
 Argosy Gallery, 116 E. 59 St., N.Y.C.  
 Berry-Hill, 743 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.  
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 Childs Gallery, 169 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.  
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C. T. Loo, 41 E. 57 St., N.Y.C.  
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 Mrs. Frederic Sherman, Westport, Conn.  
 Robert L. Stolper, 8852 Cynthia St., Los Angeles, Calif.  
 Wildenstein, 19 E. 64 St., N.Y.C.

## Decorative Arts and Antiques

George Abraham - Gilbert May, Route 57, West Granville, Mass.  
 Mary Allis, Southport, Conn.  
 B. Altman & Co., 34 St. & Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.  
 Alfred Arnold, Route 111, Monroe, Conn.  
 Antique Furniture Restorers Co., 235 E. 42 St., N.Y.C.  
 Mary R. Atwood, 79 De Forest St., Watertown, Conn.  
 Ball and Ball, Whitford Place, Whitford, Pa.  
 The Barn, New Hope, Pa.  
 Teina Baumstone, 807 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.  
 Mrs. Belcher, Garrison-on-Hudson, N.Y.  
 Anna Benjamin, Route 35, Kennebunkport, Maine  
 Beshir Galleries, 29 E. 63 St., N.Y.C.  
 John Kenneth Byard, Silvermine, Norwalk, Conn.  
 Russell Carell, Route 44, Salisbury, Conn.  
 Curtis Tavern, West Granville, Mass.  
 Richard Doan, Dodgingtown District, Newtown, Conn.  
 Jean & Margaret Douglas, Route 202, New Hope, Pa.  
 B. H. Downing, Route 7, Ridgefield, Conn.  
 Maude B. Feld, 16 Heights Rd., Clifton, N.J.  
 Albert Force, Forest Home, Ithaca, N.Y.  
 G. G. Frelinghuysen, 411 Park Ave., N.Y.C.  
 French & Co., 210 E. 57 St., N.Y.C.  
 Avis & Rockwell Gardiner, Long Ridge Antique Shop, Long Ridge, Stamford, Conn.  
 Gebelein Silversmiths, 79 Chestnut St., Boston, Mass.  
 Bruce M. Gilbert, Route 202, Bethel, Conn.  
 O. Rundle Gilbert, 505 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.  
 Ginsburg & Levy, 815 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.  
 Elinor Gordon, Lancaster Pike, Villanova, Pa.  
 James Graham and Sons, 1014 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.  
 H. Gregory Gulick, Middletown, N.J.  
 Kenneth Hammett, Route 6, Woodbury, Conn.  
 Winifred E. Harding, S. Pomfret Rd., Woodstock, Vt.  
 Robert Herron, Route 22, Austerlitz, N.Y.  
 Marion M. Hilton, Route 9W, Saugerties, N.Y.  
 Hitchcock Chair Co., Riverton, Conn.  
 David Hollander, 5806 Mosholu Ave., Riverdale, N.Y.  
 The Hudson Shop, 137 Broad St., Red Bank, N.J.  
 The International Antiques Exhibition and Sale, Inc., 660 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.  
 Edwin Jackson, 159 E. 54 St., N.Y.C.  
 Carl & Celia Jacobs, Southwick, Mass.  
 Lillian Jones, Deep Brook Rd., Newtown, Conn.  
 Jones & Erwin, 15 E. 57 St., N.Y.C.  
 Knox Street Antiques, 22 Church St., Boston, Mass.  
 Julia E. Kuttner, 228 E. 51 St., N.Y.C.  
 Sarah French Low, 986 Hill Crest Rd., Ridgewood, N.J.  
 Florene Maine, Route 7, Ridgefield, Conn.  
 James R. Marsh, Fiddler's Forge, Pittstown, N.J.  
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 George S. McKearin, Hoosick Falls, N.Y.  
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 Streeter Blair, 736 No. Laciencia St., Los Angeles, Calif.  
 Arthur J. Sussel, 18th and Spruce St., Philadelphia, Pa.  
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 Bird-in-Hand Antiques, Franklin Hill, East Stroudsburg, Pa.  
 Helen Vaughan, Chestnut Ridge, Bethel, Conn.  
 Vernay, 124 E. 55 St., N.Y.C.  
 John S. Walton, 427 Park Ave., N.Y.C.  
 Otto M. Wasserman, 823 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.  
 Mrs. George W. Whichelow, 179 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.  
 Thomas D. & Constance R. Williams, Litchfield, Conn.  
 Wilton Antiques Show, William P. Gillette, Lakeville, Conn.

## Art Books and Magazines

American Artist, 24 W. 40 St., N.Y.C.  
 American Heritage, 10 E. 40 St., N.Y.C.  
 Art Quarterly, Detroit Institute of Arts, Detroit, Mich.  
 J. N. Bartfield, 43 W. 56 St., N.Y.C.  
 Burlington Magazine, 12 Bedford Sq., London WC 1, England  
 Columbia University Press, 2960 Broadway, N.Y.C.  
 Craft Horizons, 601 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.  
 The Decorator, Box 894, Darien, Conn.  
 Dover Publications, Inc., 920 Broadway, N.Y.C.  
 Princeton University Press, Princeton, N.J.  
 Weyhe Gallery & Bookstore, 794 Lexington Ave., N.Y.C.  
 Wittenborn & Co., 1018 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.

## Miscellaneous (Prints, Frames, Schools, Museums, etc.)

American Federation of Arts, 1083 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.  
 Arista Photostats, 280 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.  
 College Art Association, 625 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.  
 The Cooper Inn, Cooperstown, N.Y.  
 Famous Artists Schools, Westport, Conn.  
 Henry Ford Museum & Greenfield Village, Dearborn, Mich.  
 Fuller Fabrics, 1407 Broadway, N.Y.C.  
 The House of Heydenryk, 141 W. 54 St., N.Y.C.  
 Lincoln Pioneer Village, Rockport, Ind.  
 Camilla Lucas, 3 E. 28 St., N.Y.C.  
 Kenneth Lynch Picture Rods, Route 7, Wilton, Conn.  
 Mystic Seaport, Mystic, Conn.  
 Museum Pieces, Inc., 114 E. 32 St., N.Y.C.  
 New Hope Fine Arts Workshop, Route 222, New Hope, Pa.  
 Oakledge Inn, Burlington, Vt.  
 Old Sturbridge Lodge, Sturbridge, Mass.  
 Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.  
 Publick House, Sturbridge, Mass.  
 Schweizer Frames, 205 E. 54 St., N.Y.C.  
 The Shaker Museum, Old Chatham, N.Y.  
 Shelburne Harbour Inn, Shelburne, Vt.  
 Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities, 141 Cambridge St., Boston, Mass.  
 Totem Indian Village, Route 80, Cooperstown, N.Y.  
 The University Prints, 15 Brattle St., Cambridge, Mass.  
 Wilson-Irving Co., 17 E. 49 St., N.Y.C.  
 York State Craftsmen, 210 No. Aurora St., Ithaca, N.Y.

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